

moyo

volume 10 issue 1

Wingless Angels Speak Out!

A MoYO Exclusive

*Also Included:
Death
Seduction
Pecan Pie*

SFT

In 1949, China invaded Tibet in an act of unprovoked aggression. Between 1950 and 1984, it was estimated that up to 260,000 Tibetan people died in Chinese prison and labor camps. Unarmed demonstrators have been shot without warning by Chinese police on five occasions between 1987 and 1989. Amnesty International believes that at least 200 civilians were killed by the security forces during demonstrations in this period. There are also reports of detainees being summarily executed.

Even now, beatings and torture with electric shock batons are common, and sometimes result in the death of the prisoners.

Join Students for a Free
Tibet in the struggle to
stop these injustices
against the Tibetan
people!

The Denison chapter of SFT is here to educate people about the Chinese occupation of Tibet and to bring about its end. Contact Erin Kaczur at kaczur_e.

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COMING AROUND TO REALITY

Former Cult Member Turned Editor Uses You for His Own Therapeutic Purposes

by **Chris Million**

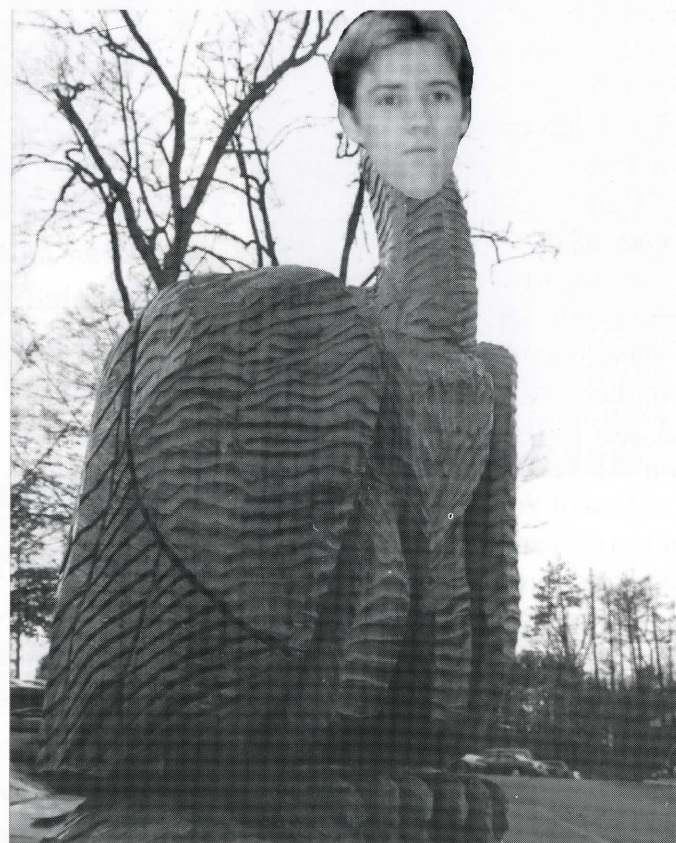
The rush is in the catching, the reconnection of a boomerang thrown seconds ago. I met Chet Shouffer when I attended a summer camp in middle school at Ohio Wesleyan University, our neighbor to the north. What I knew going there was that Chet was a god. Maybe not actually God, but a true-to-life deity anyway. What I didn't know would haunt me for the next seven years.

As anyone can tell you, Chet Snouffer is the greatest American boomeranger of all time, perhaps the world's best. He's the only person who's won the World Championship thrice. He was teaching the art of sport at the camp, and all my friends there loved him. We all worked diligently to make our own 'rangs, and spent our afternoons and evenings throwing with each other in the broad grassy fields of Delaware. If only one of us could be like Chet, could compete and enter the realm of greatness. If only that one could be me. Looking back, these were hopes we shared. But we all got more than we bargained for.

For me, my wild ride in the world of cults ended on the side of a dirt road, thirty miles from a tournament and twenty minutes after the worst thunderstorm of my life. I knew I had to pull my life together and fast. I was lucky enough to get into rehab and, with a little help, gently swab my brain free of the incessant burning desire to throw the boomerang. What makes it painful to deprogram a boomerang cult survivor is the fact that the boomerang always comes back. You can throw it hard, or soft; in wind, or still air; with a forged Chet autograph in blue sharpie pen, or black. It will always come sniffing back at your feet. So just when you think you've got that urge kicked, just when you're able to tear yourself from your habit of watching ESPN 2 in futile antici-

pation, it all comes back in graceful swooping glides.

One part of reclaiming the shattered life to which a former cult member returns is finding support. So it has been a great therapeutic experience to work with Tom and the writers on this issue of MoYO. We present both sides of the coin: activities accepted as "culture" and those insidious practices that constitute a "cult." Heidi Newitt writes on the followers of Kid Rock and other alarming cultural developments in the fusion of rap and heavy metal. Ilana Silverstein writes about Contact Improvisation, a dance form with the potential to change the lives of those who join in the jam. Adam Mallinger bemoans the corruption of Pop Cult to Pop Culture. Alicia Frieberg and Kate Soucy both take us across borders to hold up other cultures to our own. Lindsay Woods and Annie Loudén both write about an unorthodox ob-



session, one with a former Senate majority leader, and one with the written word. Jim Dunson and Steve Kovach open up MoYO to philosophical inquiry, approaching the problematic culinary paradigm. Tom Hankinson writes on Denison's own "mystic band," and I offer my reflections on the cult of masculinity.

In short, it was our intent as editors to present the issues, the people, and of course, the rhetoric, leaving our readers to come to your own conclusions. After all, you have a Mind of Your Own. ☼

editor's letter

A Disciple of Mr. Dewey, and All His Dirty Little Decimals Confession of a Book-Hoarding Monomaniac

by **Annie Loudén**

I have a problem, an addiction. I'll admit it; I'm weak. All my money, all my time, all my thoughts go into one thing: cardboard, glue, paper, ink, and an attractively designed dust jacket. Yes, it's true.... I have a book fetish.

Can't get enough of them. Gotta' be near them, surrounded by them, drawn into the power and the pull. I thought I'd be cured when I came to college. I was sure the required reading and the book bills would quench my thirst for all things literary, but I was wrong. In fact, I think it's gotten worse.

I already belong to four book clubs. They seek me out. One day I'll innocently riffle through my mail and come across a brightly colored pamphlet, offering me six beautiful new hardbacks for the price of \$4.95. How can I resist that? And they're delivered right to my door. It's like Christmas, but better. Every three weeks I get a club bulletin detailing all the new books I could soon own. It's damaging to my checkbook.

But it doesn't stop there. My idea of a perfect day is one spent within the book-lined walls of Barnes and Noble. My pulse quickens as I walk through those



wooden double doors and am greeted by the smell of new paper, glue, and dust jackets. The smartly designed covers in the New Fiction section always draw me in. I get lost among the rows and rows of beckoning books. But I try not to buy books at bookstores. I do have a library card, after all. Well, three of them now.

But even then, I like to OWN books. It's not uncommon for me to stand in my closet, staring at the shelves with MY books. They look so lovely, so friendly, so inviting, and they're all in pristine condition. I don't dog-ear or underline favorite passages. I remove the dust jacket while reading a hardback so as not to scuff, bend, or get fingerprints on the cover. I don't own many paperbacks in ratio to hard, but even these I treat with loving care. I read them with the book open as little as possible so as not to crack the binding. This slightly hinders my ease in reading, but this is a fetish. I don't have to be rational.

I currently own about sixty books I've never read. It doesn't matter; I'll still buy more. I have lists and lists of books. Some are recommendations from friends, some from reviews I've read, others just look interesting from the title or cover. I have college book lists, 20th century book lists, banned book lists.

There is no discrimination. I'm obsessed with books, and it's not getting better.

And now there's the Internet. Amazon.com is my new best friend. A few clicks of the mouse and soon I'll have a package notice in my Slayter box to pick up my new, enticing book.

Is there anyone out there that can help me? My dorm room is full of Stephen King, Michael Crichton, Barbara Kingsolver, Dean Koontz, Dave Barry, and Terry Pratchett. I can't stop my compulsive book buying. Perhaps there's a Bookworms Anonymous I could join. If you find out, come get me. I'll be in my room, drooling over my shelves of addictive books. ☼

manifesto

14 Days in Dumay:

by Kate Soucy

Reflections After a Trip to Haiti

My usual day here at Denison consists of regretfully rolling over to turn off my alarm clock, crawling out of my cozy warm bed, hopping into the shower, getting dressed and heading off to Huffman to grab a quick bite to eat before I head off to the academic quad. Throughout my day, I busy myself with classes, reading, writing papers and attending the meetings of the various organizations in which I am involved. Hopefully, sleep is in the near future. But then there are those days when all of this activity has caught up with me and my body gets worn out, tired, and I catch the dreaded cold. After days of trying to fight it off with Echinacea, zinc lozenges and vitamin C, I regretfully make an appointment with Whistler and head on down. Then I proceed to sit in the waiting room watching the Lion King for almost two hours until the nurse or nurse practitioner calls my name. Then it is another twenty minutes to a half hour before I see the doctor. All of this for a decongestant. This exact scenario occurred many times during my freshman year, as I fought off one sinus infection after another. With each new case, I grew to despise the medical care that this campus provided. Then I went to Haiti.

In May of 1999, along with eight other Denison students and a professor, I traveled to Haiti for two weeks to do community service work painting the local school and building benches in a small village called Dumay. This experience transformed my whole worldview. It would take many pages and many hours to try to explain all the ways in which even such a short trip changed me (and even then I'm not sure it would be entirely possible to put the whole experience into words). Instead, I would like to share with you the stories of two young men whom I met while in Haiti. It is their stories, the small pieces of their lives that I witnessed, that have had such an influence on my perception of my life and our world.

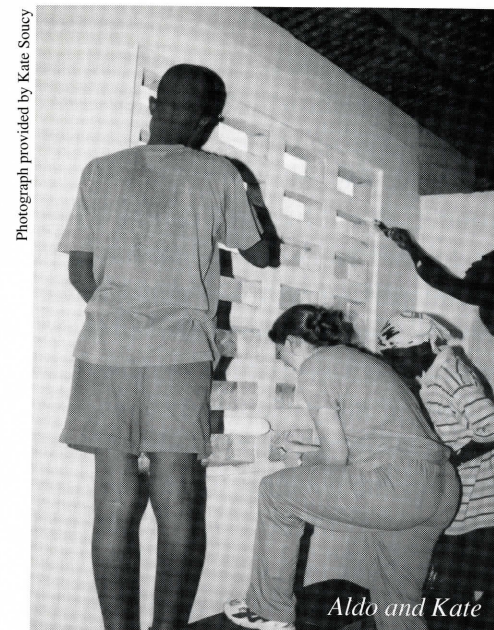
Our first day in Dumay, we began painting the inside of the school. In a small, musty, poorly lit classroom, I met Aldo. I had gone into this classroom to start painting the cement walls white. A

few people from the community were slowly filtering into the rooms to see what we were doing. Aldo was standing close to me so I offered him a brush to help. He smiled, accepted the brush, and we started working together. I asked him his name in my rusty kreyol and he asked me mine. That was the extent of our conversation. We shared the day together, showing each other spots we had missed and paint we had dripped on our selves. In and out of rooms we followed each other, working until almost all of the classrooms had been painted. We were painting buddies. I wrote in my journal that night about Aldo's eyes. How he had the most incredible, gentle, white eyes set against his dark skin. I saw Aldo the day after, but never after that.

A week later, we learned that a boy named Aldo from Dumay had passed away due to a fever. A fever. Before now, this was that kind of story only told in the books, the movies and the reports on poverty. I thought that I knew what it meant to live in poverty. But I was wrong. No one dies of a fever; certainly not in the world I lived in. The most troubling part is that in Dumay, there is a small clinic (really a back room in the church) that houses out-of-date medications for when doctors go down a few times a year to give vaccinations and treat illnesses. Unfortunately, no one was able to get into the room. And if they could have, they would not have known which medications to use. This tragedy, the kind I only ever read about, was now a reality, now a



A Scene from Haiti, with Children



Photograph provided by Kate Soucy

Aldo and Kate

town right on the coast. In fact, the clinic was across the street from the Caribbean Sea. A poverty-stricken town located at the edge of nirvana. The surgical clinic was a small cement house, possibly a guesthouse of the missionaries who lived up the hill. The cement house consisted of four rooms, three the size of half a dorm room, used for a waiting room, a wash room and a patient prep room. The other was about twice the size of the smaller and was the surgical room.

One of the doctors was American, the other was Haitian. When we arrived, there was a line of men sitting outside, waiting to have their vital signs (Blood Pressure and Pulse) taken. So we got to work taking blood pressures while the surgeons prepped for their first patients. After we had taken vitals we sat ourselves down in the waiting room and counted aspirin into generic medicine bottles, 30 pills a bottle. The clinic would give each patient one bottle of aspirin after surgery as painkillers.

Then it was time for the surgery. They had three or four patients that day, so we each were able to assist in one surgery each. The clinic treats mainly hernias and elephantitis, but this day, all of the surgeries were men who had been infected with elephantitis.

My turn. I went into the room, was given a pair of sterile surgical gloves. The only sterile items we were able to use during the surgery were the tools and our gloves. Our bodies, scrubs and the air were not sterile. In fact, the windows were open (if closed we would have passed out from the heat) and flies were buzzing around. A man, whose name I do not know, was lying on the table, hands behind his head, waiting anxiously for the surgery to begin. He was not given a general anesthesia

part of the world in which I live.

A little over a week into the trip, I was given the opportunity to travel with one other student and my professor to work in a surgical clinic for the day. We drove through Port au Prince and into another

to put him to sleep because the clinic could not afford such luxuries. Instead he was given a few shots of local anesthesia to the area that was to be drained. Somehow, amidst all of this hell, I managed to compose myself, get up from the chair I was sitting in and get my hands ready for when my assistance was needed.

Elephantitis usually affects men in the scrotum, causing it to swell to an abnormally large and painful size. This was the case with this man. First we drained the left scrotum/testicle. Cut an incision, took out the testicle, and sewed the sack that had held the fluid to the testicle lining so that it would not fill up with fluid again. When that side was drained we moved to the right. After draining it, the doctors found a tumor on his testicle and proceeded to remove it. With this, the man cried out in pain. The anesthesia did not hit the spot where the surgeons were cutting and at the time, there were no free hands to give him more anesthesia. So the doctor told him to breathe. And he did. The man, whose name I do not know, lay on that table with tears in his eyes that he would not let fall, and he breathed.

This man subjected himself to the humiliation and excruciating pain of this procedure because this opportunity was a miracle for him. He probably worked so very hard to get the money in order to pay the small fee that the clinic charges just to keep running. The surgeons certainly don't make any money doing this. They do this because it needs to be done. Aldo my painting buddy died because of a fever. Certainly, there is a likelihood that there were other complications. Still, access to an aspirin, something we in the United States take for granted, could have brought down his fever and possibly prolonged his life. Access to a clinic may have allowed his complications to be diagnosed. Unfortunately, these are not options for most people in Haiti. Their reality is so far removed from my petty intolerance with the long wait in Whistler. Or should I say that my petty intolerance is so far removed from their reality? After traveling to Haiti and having real conversations with Haitians and witnessing with my own eyes the injustices that truly occur, the things that I once took for granted are now considered blessings. And I remind myself of this all the time by remembering the stories of these two men.

I would like to extend thanks to Dr. Richard Hood, who made this trip possible for all of us, and to Bibi Al-Ebrahim, Adam Arrington, Katie Bundra, Leela Hazzah, Sarah Keller, Ami Patel, Margarita Sanchez, and Jackie Waite, who also traveled to Haiti and helped make the trip as incredible as it was. ☸

Foreign Hostel Encounters

Ireland, Land of Ire

by Alicia Frieberg

"You're so brave." Everyone kept saying that to me, but I wished they'd shut up. "You're going to Ireland for the summer and you don't have a job or a place to stay?" No. "Do you know anyone there?" No. "Wow." Shut up.

I was on a quest of cultural experience. Determined to see new places, to try new things, to become a world traveler. After years of hearing endless accounts of the exotic landscapes, the quaint cultures, and the friendly locals, I was going to see them for myself. Everything should have been fine.

At one week before departure, my passport arrived and I had the work permit, but my plane tickets remained conspicuously missing. I called the travel agency and found a problem. They had not mailed my tickets! With fewer than 24 hours remaining, they finally came. I was ready to go. My friends saw me off with lots of caring encouragement and advice. "Don't become a bag lady!" "You'll have a blast!" "Come back with an Irishman!"

At last on my way and finally reflecting on the actual happening of the long anticipated journey, I didn't feel that brave. "What the HELL am I doing?" I asked myself. I had no idea what I was getting into. As this was my first trip to Europe, I had hoped to spend a few days in London before completing my journey by train on to Dublin. I'd be in Europe the following day, but I had no set plans on arrival. I'd just take it a step at a time. There wasn't room for the jitters at that point.

My worries didn't last long. Waiting for my international flight, I met a Michigan University student who was also going to work abroad. Maritza had a permit for London where she was meeting up with friends, and invited me to join them. The next few days were a blast as the five of us visited decadent bars, chatted with the classy locals, and took funny pictures jumping on the bed after sneaking back to our tiny single-rate shared hotel room. Exploring London with Julie, Mark, and Darren, I adjusted to my foreign surroundings.

Leaving a pub on my own one afternoon, however, I managed to get myself completely and hopelessly lost. I wandered the streets alone for an hour and a half until

I hadn't a clue where I was anymore. It might have been scary if I didn't still have the mood of my first fine red wine with me. Only by some miraculous chance did I manage to wander back to recognize a billboard a few blocks over and find my way again.

London was wonderful, but I knew I couldn't stay forever. I needed to go find work and begin a life in Dublin. After a difficult parting with the gang, I was back on the road. Traveling another day, I arrived in the Dublin city-center near 10:00 p.m. as dusk began to fall. With less than 12 pounds in my pocket and no reservations for accommodation, I was just a little worried about finding a place to stay for the evening. Thankfully my card worked in the Ireland ATM, so I got money and headed out for a nearby hostel.

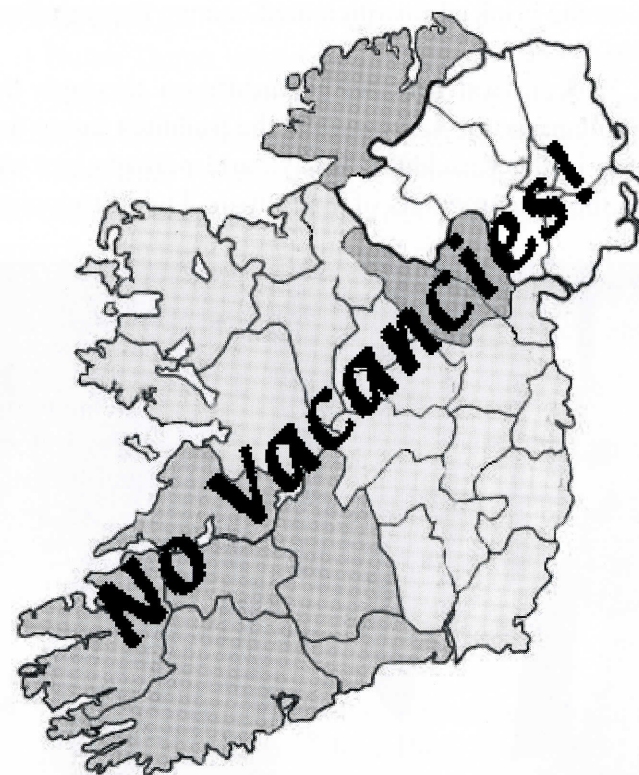
First, I tried a hostel on Marlborough Street, but they were completely full for the next week. Instead of walking, I opted for calling the other hostels, and at the same time got one of my first cultural experiences dealing with Ireland's extreme payphone rates (of 2 pounds a minute without change for even local calls). Luckily I only had to make two of them.

Heading for N. Great Georges St, I began to take my first real look at the city. It was hard for me to picture making this place my home for the next few months. The strange old men staring over their beer cans as I made my way up the dirty steps of the Eccles Court Hostel weren't the most welcoming sight. The desk attendant inside with wavy flowing brown hair seemed to understand my inexperience. "You'll see all kinds of people here," he advised me, "Some clean, some not so clean. Most keep to themselves, just watch out for your stuff." Assigned to the sixteenth bunk in a room of twenty-four, I was overcome with exhaustion. My passport, credit cards, and other documents were safe in my back pocket, and I huddled deep in my sleeping bag to fall fast asleep despite the snores of a nearby guest.

The next morning I moved to the Kinley House on Lord Edwards Street. Kinley was brighter and cleaner, younger and friendlier. It was there that I met my future roommate Mark from South Carolina. It was wonderful hearing someone speak with at least an understandable accent. Mark and I were in the same situation. We had both come to Dublin looking for work, accommodation, and an interesting summer vacation. Sticking together, we made our way through masses of city workers and Trinity College students to the Liffey River and USIT center on Aston Quay. Obtaining our work permits through a program called COUNCIL, we'd been advised to attend an "orientation" meeting upon our arrival. USIT

proved to be useless, however. We were told they did not have "space" for us to attend for another week. Turned away by our only contact and left to our own devices, we debated what to do next.

We needed a job. We needed a place to stay. We decided to go with first things first, and set off on a whirlwind apartment hunt. Grabbing the morning issue of The Irish Times, Mark and I immediately began circling ads. We had no idea where most of the listed residences were, so we focused on the ones that potentially included both of us. With a couple of phone calls at about 15 pounds, we scheduled some appointments. With our directions,



newspaper, and city map, we felt ready to find our way through Dublin's great unknown, but two and a half hours later we were God knows where. How could directions that had literally been spelled out for us have still led us wrong? The angling roads changed street names every few blocks, and very few even had signs posted on random buildings. An hour past our first appointment, we gave it up for lost. Hoping to actually make our next destination, sick of walking, and lacking the confidence of finding our own way, we hailed a cab. The next three on our list ended up bringing us out into some ritzy district. Five hundred pounds a week? No. Feeling disheartened by our hopeless search, we called it a day.

That night I accompanied several international backpackers from the hostel to check out the trendy

Temple Bar district and a few of the thousands of Irish pubs we'd heard so much about. Even at the early hour of 7 in the evening, we were shocked to find every one already completely packed! Stopping by after work to catch up on the local "craig" or making a night of pub-crawling from their mid-afternoon openings to midnight closings seemed the very center of a Dubliner's social life. With the lack of elbowroom, it was impossible not to meet friendly new people, and being a newcomer provided an easy conversational opening. Joining up with new groups at recommended bars throughout the evening was common practice, and late-night club trips often followed the weekend pub closings. We went to U2's famed celebrity club, "The Kitchen," and never saw Pierce Brosnan, but we did meet a new "Paddy" at nearly every spot.

Walking home, we saw much of the street life. Old bums wandered aimlessly, pissing their pants and ranting at invisible persons. Though disheartened, we learned to avoid being targeted by beggars and thieves as sympathetic tourists. The most emphatic advice of the entire stay was that you "Do NOT walk the streets of Dublin alone after dark!!!" Only after repeated warnings did I begin to take this seriously, riding high in the speeding, green double-decker buses to watch the rapidly emptying streets of dusk. Newspapers told stories daily of the many drug-, gang-, and race-related crimes of those very streets. "Take the bus when out at night, always act like you know where you're going, and project a 'don't-mess-with-me' attitude," we were cautioned.

It didn't save us from everyone, however. That evening, after leaving The Stag's Head, we were short to notice a tattered old man stumble out of a near alleyway. Our friend suddenly shoved us out of reach as the growling old man lurched forward. He grabbed her, and she smacked him away. "I haven't had any in years!" he screamed at us. We hurried ahead, but Rachel faced him off, creating a scene as she angrily waved her finger, scolded his shameful behavior loudly, and warned him against trying any more. People down the street watched with detached amusement, and the stunned old man backed off. Rachel was our hero.

Clamor from the street below made it impossible for me to sleep as I lay on my hostel bunk by the window that night. Trying to imagine the comfort of Denison, I attempted attributing the noise to a late night student gathering. It was difficult making the accents fit, but at long last I drifted off.

Sometime in the night I awoke. Someone was

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Open the Road Wider

Open the Road Wider

The Gift of the Reverend Jusan Fudo William Frank Parker

By Dan Fisher

Nobel Peace Prize winner Tenzin Gyatso, His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet, has written that when we truly see the impermanence of our lives and the impermanence of our deaths, we realize that short-term satisfactions and powers mean very little and that living our lives positively and meaningfully will ultimately bring us happiness. In his book *The Joy of Living and Dying in Peace*, he argues that while we cannot take the fleeting and material with us, as it were, we can leave our lives satisfied, knowing that we have done as much as we can for others and for ourselves if we practice mindfulness, peacefulness, and compassion. We must simply realize that the best and most advantageous life for ourselves and everyone else is the life dedicated to meaningfulness and loving kindness. The best way to come to this realization is to face the reality of our impending death without fear and understand its implications. "You will regard the enduring peace and happiness as more important than short-term pleasure. Recollecting death is like using a hammer to destroy all negative tendencies and disturbing emotions" (35). Certainly, recollecting death could be no easier for anyone than for the individuals on death row in the United States, who are constantly aware of the date and even the exact time of their deaths. And no person's story could be such a testament to the Dalai Lama's sentiments than Jusan Parker's.

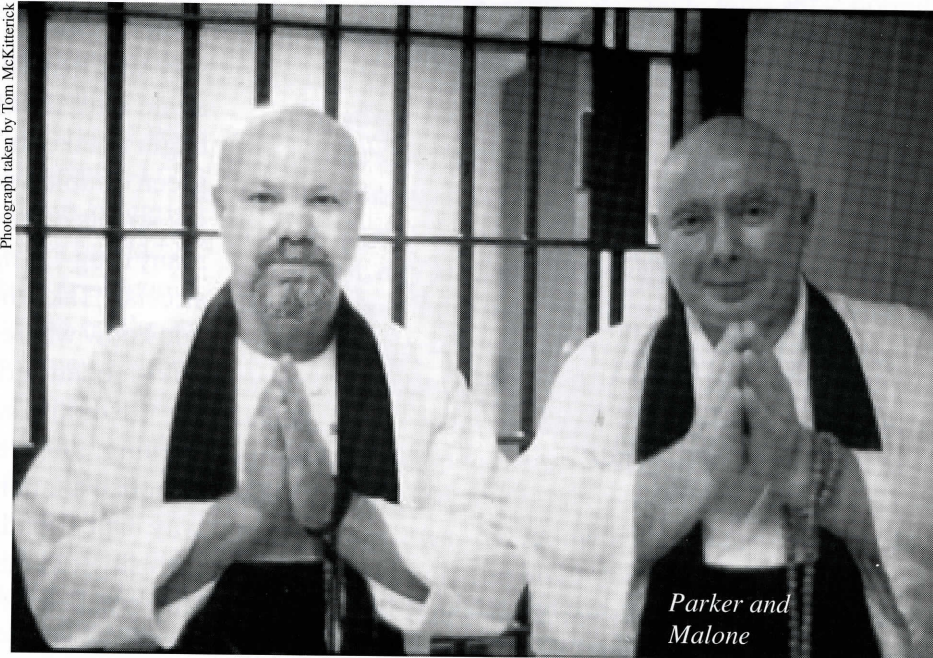
On November 5, 1984, Arkansas native William Frank Parker shot and murdered his parents-in-law James and Sandra Warren in their home. Soon after the killings, he was sentenced to death by the state and was remanded to Arkansas's Death Row near Tucker, Arkansas to await execution by lethal injection at the Cummins Unit in Varner. Parker's life was apparently a hard and difficult one, which included experiencing the suicides of both his sister Cathy in 1980 and his brother Richard

in 1983. Given his life and all that he had been through, Parker arrived on death row as a self-described "mad, mean and very cruel inmate...[who] was always giving everyone a hard time." But the rough and tough convict was on the brink of unanticipated change through Buddhism.

Parker first met with Buddhism through the Dhammapada, the 423 verses of the Buddhist canon that appear in the Khuddaka Nikaya and perhaps best explain the fundamentals of Buddhism. The introduction

was, however, quite unexpected: "I discovered the Dhammapada in December of 1988 while in 'the hole' [solitary confinement]," he revealed in an interview. "The guards had to throw me in the hole and I was yelling and screaming and cussing and then I demanded a Bible. The only book you're allowed in the hole. During the day they would take your mattress away from you so you have very little to do, so I'd read the Bible when I wasn't pacing the floor, hating everyone for doing this to me. The guard, thinking he was screwing me over, threw in a copy of the Dhammapada at me and said,

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Photograph taken by Tom McKitterick

Requiem for "An Okay Cat"

Cinema Annex Formerly Home to One Heck of an Adequate Feline

by Laura Barrett

People often ask me why I became a cinema major. I have my reasons, but there is one I had overlooked until now: Mouchette, the feline extraordinaire of Denison's own Cinema Annex building (located on 122 N. Mulberry, for those of you who don't get down the hill that often).

Duran Duran would say, "Girls on film." Well, I say, "Cats on film." That was my initial impression in the fall of 1997 when I first came to the Annex, and it still holds true. We cineastes sometimes forget our feline friend from days of yore, but I am attempting to revive the memory of the late and great Mouchette. Sitting down with Department Chair David Bussan, we discuss the legacy surrounding Mouchette— a cat ahead of her time.

LB: When did Mouchette become your cat?

DB: My cat? She was never my cat— she was the annex's cat.

LB: Where does the cat's name derive?

DB: Elliott Stout named her. It's from a Robert Bresson film.

LB: Ok. Ok. So where did you find Mouchette, or did she find you?

DB: I was working in Columbus at the time. I found her on College St. in the fall of 1985. The doctor said she was one year-old then.

LB: And then you became a professor at the university and Mouchette came with you?

DB: Yes. She stayed at the annex for eight and one-half years. Elliott would feed her, and we set up the litterbox in the bathroom. A 1200' film cannister served as her litterbox.

LB: That's innovative. So then you and Elliott would take turns cleaning the litter and feeding her?

DB: No. Elliott did most of it.

LB: So, Mouchette must have left sometime in 1994. What was the reason for her departure?

DB: She left in the spring of '94 because the director of the Physical Plant back then, Bill Sharp, found out. Apparently he says, "It's against the rules to have cats in academic buildings."

LB: So that was it? Mouchette moved in with you and

the annex had lost a friend?

DB: Well, not exactly. I brought her back to the annex once in 1997 when Jack Beck was working.

LB: That must have been when I first saw Mouchette! I came down to the annex for the first time in the fall of 1997 and remember seeing a cat in the window. She was seated next to the stand-up of Elvis Costello and your gazing globe on the pedestal. Those were the days...

DB: But we actually had more cats other than Mouchette.

LB: Really?!!

DB: The other cat was Maya, who came two years after Mouchette arrived. They didn't get along much.

LB: Why the name Maya?

DB: I believe it was alumni Kelli Green who named her after the experimental filmmaker Maya Deren.

LB: Cool. Very cool.

DB: Maya had five kittens: Carmie, Tyler, Babouska, Fish, and I can't remember the other one's name. Those are the kittens seen in the DFS film festival poster for 1987.

LB: I've always wondered whose kittens those were. What happened to Maya?

DB: One day she just left the annex and never came back.

LB: But doesn't the cat always come back? Did you feel used and abused?

DB: Well, Mouchette was the same way— she would spend a lot of time outdoors and she'd be gone for a couple of days at a time, you know, and then come back.

LB: Did you ever get worried?

DB: In the winter, yeah. When it was really cold, we would worry.

LB: Ok, so after eight and one-half years of having Mouchette, you had to find a new home for her, which turned out to be your own home?

DB: Yes. Mouchette came to my house in '94 and became an indoor cat. Basically sleeping, eating, throwing up, and clawing up my furniture.

LB: Nice. Did Mouchette have a favorite place in your house?

DB: She had favorite places all over the house. Her last spot was behind the stove in the den.

LB: What was the circumstance surrounding Mouchette's death?

Continued on page 25

By Way of Introduction...

Late-night Delivery Frightens Editors into Submission

From the Editors

I arrived at the MoYO office in Barney Hall at nine o'clock on a Thursday night, planning to sort through some articles and start piecing together the issue. When I opened the door, I found a manila envelope that had apparently been slipped under from outside. I opened the envelope and skimmed over the contents, consisting of two pages of single-spaced typing and "signed" (still typed) "The 2nd Chief Angel of the Quill." The second page bore the Wingless Angels stamp. Several pictures were also included in the envelope. After giving the document a cursory perusal, I called Chris and left a message on his machine. We had apparently been visited by the Mystic Band.

We have tried to produce a faithful version of the manuscript described above here in MoYO, altered only to fit the parameters of magazine publication. Chris and I decided to retype the document and lay it out just as a regular article would be, so as not to privilege the piece unduly. At the same time, we did make an exception of it in one way—we left the text completely as it was found, including typographical errors, syntax, and spelling. All the other errors in this issue are accidental, but the Wingless Angels' errors have been painstakingly copied and copiously checked with the original manuscript. This editorial decision was not intended to mock the author(s). Rather, we thought that the errors contained in the text were an important part of determining authenticity or authorship, and we wanted to let the reader decide these issues for him- or herself.

While I have just stated that the reader should decide, I cannot help but tender my own thoughts on the

probable authorship of this manuscript. My speculations yield three main categories concerning the author(s) of the piece. The first possibility is that this article was, indeed, penned by the Wingless Angels, or at least one of their number. If so, they have either taken to poking fun at themselves in certain instances, or are unaware of the irony of some of their statements (often the most dangerous people are those who do not appreciate irony). The second major possibility is that the document was written by some other person or group who decided to co-opt the Wingless Angels' style and stamp, essentially forging a communication from the Mystic Band. This seems like an equally reasonable guess, and only clues of style and content can be used to support either assertion. The third opinion that I foresee in the critical reader

is that MoYO itself faked the document. I have debated how best to address this possibility, and have come to no satisfactory response. If MoYO trickery is the underlying assumption, then nothing I write here could hope to reassure the reader. I can only offer my own account, and let it be taken with the same skepticism that surrounds the Wingless Angels article itself. So be it.

The question of dubious authorship is not unique to the manuscript reprinted here. Questions of authenticity are inherent in any secret society. There is no way to be sure that any specific action was truly performed by the group. If someone who is not a part of the society fakes a Wingless Angels stunt, there is no way for the "real" group to stand up and deny it. They are

paralyzed by their anonymity. Sure, they could publish a denial, but this too would be anonymous, and subject to the same skepticism regarding authorship. Publications of the Wingless Angels are fundamentally unverifiable. The Mystic Band is, truth be told, more myth than anything else. They have no control over what is attributed to them.

And so we come to the point: an article follows. I have presented a few of the more obvious options as to who created it. You have a Mind of Your Own. You decide.



One of the Photographs Included in the Envelope

A Statement from the Mystic and Calorific Band of the Wingless Angels

By the 2nd Chief Angel of the Quill

After 95 years at Penison, we, the Mystic Band, feel that you Nebbi are not as grateful as you should be. You allow the pricks in Boane to hunt us like dogs (though fat, sluggish security will never catch up to us). It is offensive that there is no support for the group that supplies your only free voice on campus. After all, "When freedom is outlawed, only outlaws shall be free." And you let malicious defamers insult our Band and degrade our cause with their putrid shit-slinging and Boane ass-licking. Why do you who still have your wings not flap for us when Dale T. Knoballs shows his ignorance of what the Wingless Angels are all about? He says that we are a threat to the community, when the truth is that WE are the community, and that castrated Texas bull is trying to shove his horns where they don't belong.

It is not easy being the only people at Penison not afraid to speak the truth, and to do something about the restrictive policies that Boane forces on us. For instance, what happened to off-campus housing? We in the Band have suffered with the rest of you. This change will force us to use the money that Dad sends for the house to buy some blow and a skinny, scabby hooker from Newark. Knoballs and his cronies in Res. Life have conspired to ruin what small social scene Penison had. First the frats, and now the townie houses. Soon, there will be no fun left for students at all, and you Nebbi seem ready to just take it.

The First Chief Angel of Destruction and the Wielder of the Knaughty Knob have graciously decided not to let you. We will not cease "Writing the Wrongs of Penison" in your time of need. Look at the great strides our Calorific band has made in just the past year. We were able to bitch about parking and make vague de-

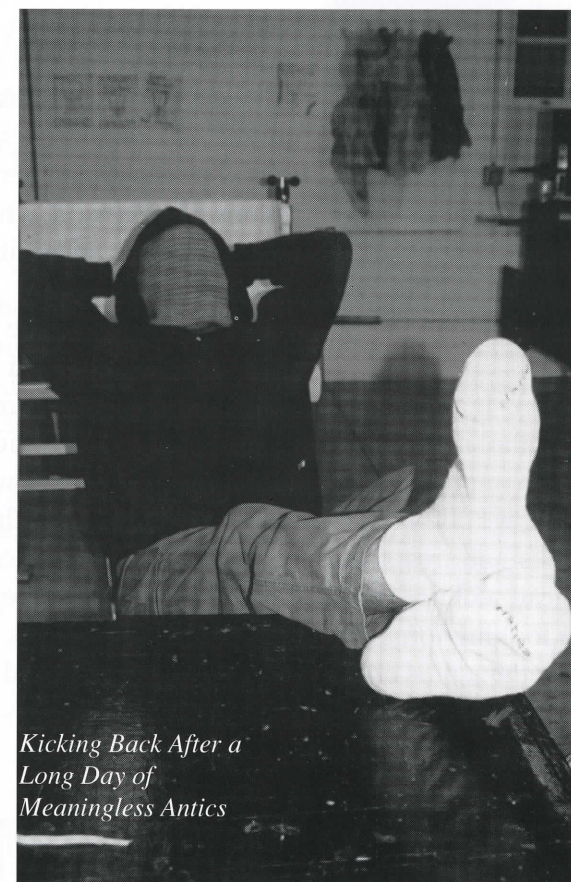
meaning statements about the administration in a cheap, shittily done send-up of your lunchtime reading material. And check out the important changes that have been made to policy as a result of our burning our initials into

the grass not once, but many times. Try to outdo that, you asslicking puppetheads in DCGay.

And don't think that you Nebbi could even dream of progress like this without the Mystic Band. It takes a special breed to shed their wings and speak out with such displays of hellish nighttime might. As our revered Book of Lost Wings tells us, there are two parts to being a Wingless Angel: 1) a commitment to perpetrating shocking acts as a metaphorical forum for innovative ideas about campus policy, and 2) the running away quickly part. And no one runs away more quickly than the Mystic Band, especially the Cranker of the Rack, who eludes security like a small pig eludes larger, less agile pigs. We run away not because we are afraid of security, or of the bootlickers at Doane,

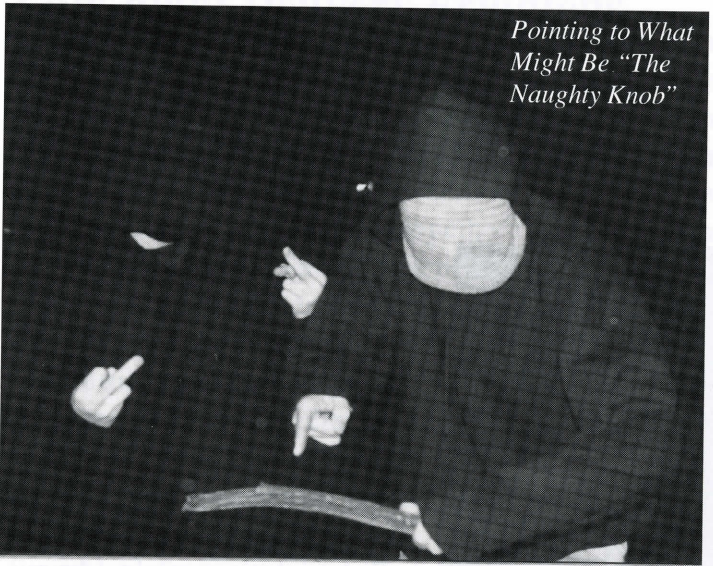
but because that is part of the Mystic and Calorific nature of the Band. Running away is a part of our tradition, but maybe you would need to listen to a round of the Calorific cadences in the Mystic Cave to understand. So don't try to make any changes around here without us—it takes a special breed to keep Boane checking over its shoulder. Even those who are cut out for the Band must make sacrifices. Our masks are itchy, and we often get bit by mosquitoes or scared by snakes when we meet out in the dark woods, but we do it for you, because we know that you are too pathetic to do anything about changing policy for yourselves.

No, we will not let Penison become a place where it is impossible even for the Band to have fun, much less



Kicking Back After a Long Day of Meaningless Antics

you poor Nebbi. We plan to continue and enhance our engaging and brilliant strategies for voicing the concerns of students at Penison. We will express our disdain for the decisions about off-campus housing by burning our initials in new and innovative locations (first the tennis



Pointing to What Might Be "The Naughty Knob"

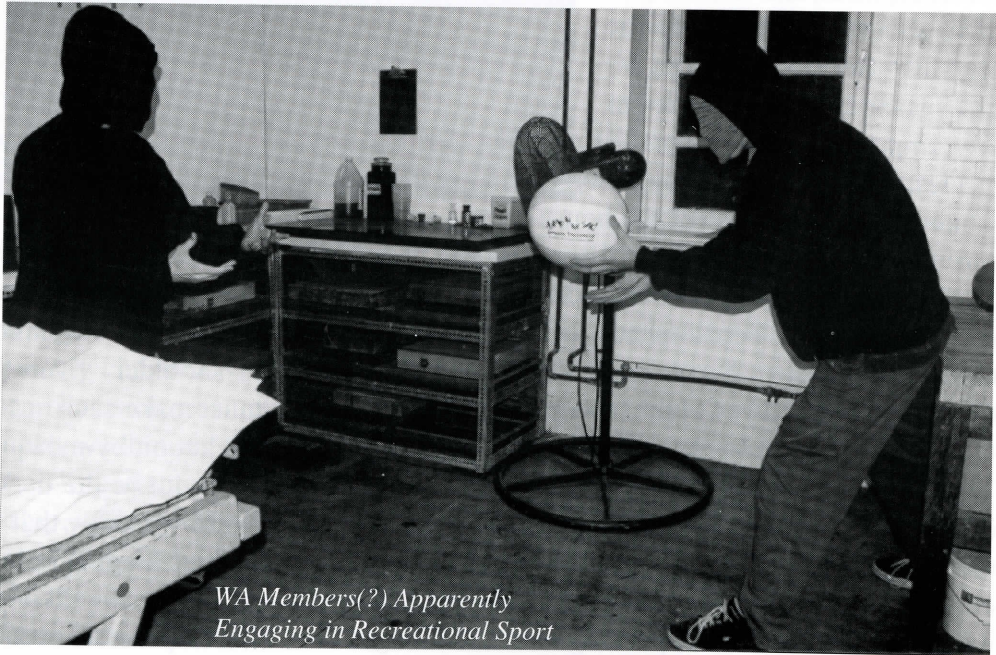
courts, next...raquetball? Cackle, cackle). If a clear and articulate response such as a flaming symbol in the grass does not get through to Boane about the importance of Res. Life decisions to students at Penison, we don't know what will. Other popular Mystic tricks and treats are also on the docket. Maybe one cat's head will not enact the kind of broad social change we're looking for, but a cat head, plus foreboding anonymous letters, plus cryptic pseudo-publications written while inebriated-these are the stuff of revolutions. We in the Band know best how to enact social change-we have learned from history. No social movement (discounting the labor movement, the civil rights movement, the feminist movement, and maybe a few others) has ever accomplished anything while sober. We will follow in the tradition of all innovators (discounting those few) by expressing the suppressed student voice with a strong undercurrent of Natties and Wine-in-a-Box on the suppressed student breath.

So have no fear, Nebbi! We will not let Knoballs and his Boaner cohorts take away your residential choice without strik-

ing back. We are your only hope for a true voice in Penison's oppressive regime, a strong voice, a slightly slurred voice, a voice well-schooled in that fundamental building block upon which all productive democratic discourse must be based: anonymity.

Incidentally, we in the Mystic Band have recently heard much bitching from you winged ones about the tone of our publications. We have been slandered and misrepresented to an unbearable degree. Once and for all, we must say that the Wingless Angels are not racist, sexist, or anti-queer. It is not that we dislike members of these groups. It is just that we think that they ought to be kept in their place, with the rest of the power-grubbing poor people. All people who are now struggling for their pathetic rights, regardless of ethnicity, background, or orientation, should be kept in their low-wage jobs where they can benefit society, rather than at institutions like Penison, where all they do is bitch. Go get a job somewhere and quit moaning about your rights. It's annoying as fuck.

Now that we have stooped to address you pathetic Nebbi, whom we hold so dear yet speak to with such divisive and patronizing tones, it is time to act. The Wanderer of the Mystic Void has spent much time out gobbling of late, and we know just where to strike to make Boane feel the flames of the Furnace #2 chapter of the Mystic and Calorific Band of the Wingless Angels. Beware, you decrepit, self-deceiving, Boaner-slurping critics of the Band. We are faster than you, we are cleverer than you, and we are smarter than you—the Wingless Angels are everywear. ☼



WA Members(?) Apparently Engaging in Recreational Sport

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let Down Your Keycard

Denison Man Struggles to Reach Girlfriend at Medium Security Prison...er...University

by Jeremy Miller

Start with a simple circle. Now pretend that this circle encompasses an area of about two to three hundred miles in diameter. At the outer limits of this circle is a concrete fortress with barbed wire growing out of its cracks. At the center of this circle is a treasure, a prize,

your prize. It is your high school sweetheart. When choosing a college or university, would you dare venture so far away? If you would, or if you never had a high school sweetheart, then humor me.

Many college students have based a major part of their college decision on the location of their boyfriend/girlfriend. I am no stranger to this. In fact, I am no more than two hours away from my girlfriend. We'll call her Hot Mama for discretion's sake.

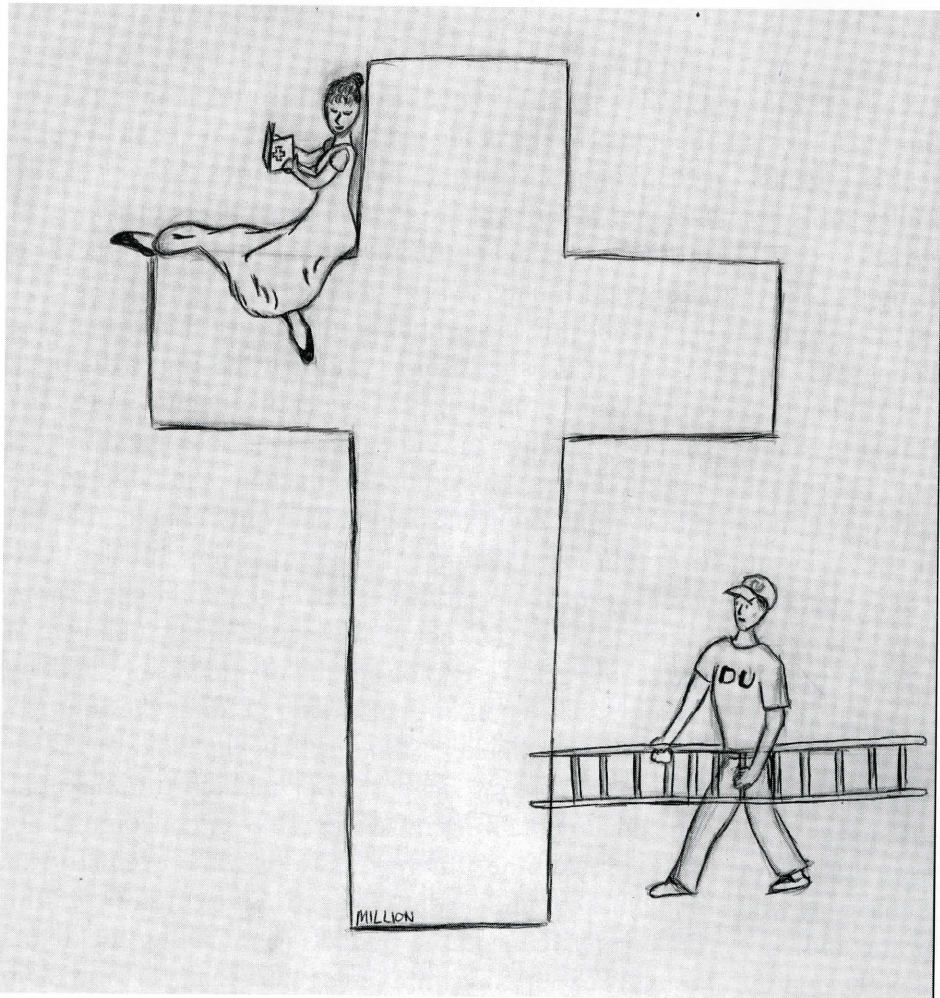
Some couples live the dream and attend the same college. Others, like Hot Mama and I, tried to entice each other, in vain, to go to our respective colleges. She attends a Christian college and I attend a year-round beer-fest. Every time I said, "my campus is prettier," she would say, "my campus has me." I would plea and argue, "but our academics are first rate!" She would simply reply, "me." She has a great skill that I am convinced many women have of guilting us poor saps into submission with simple words and soft eyes, but nonetheless, I held my ground. We decided that we would see each other on weekends, and we resolved to visit each other as much as possible and stretch our phone bills to limits never before reached. It wasn't until later that I discovered

certain rules made our colleges as different as Huffman's ice cream machine and Curtis's slop dispenser.

At Denison, we have privileges abound. We can have guests, male or female, stay overnight for days, and with a certain amount of privacy and freedom. Our curfew may extend to the next morning's class, and we are allowed to make many of our moral decisions. Heck, some of our dorms contain both men and women, and yes, I said these were privileges. At Hot Mama's Christian school, many of these privileges don't exist. When I visited her college to go to her Homecoming, and coincidentally their first dance ever, I found out which ones exactly don't exist.

I was a bit early arriving to her dorm. My watch read 12:30 p.m. I resolved to wander aimlessly about the campus, using my superb male intuition to find her dorm room. Luckily, a friend I knew from high school caught me sniffing a tree, and she

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Cult-ivated Taste

Pop Cult vs. Pop Culture

by Adam Mallinger

"Culture is on the horns of this dilemma: if profound and noble it must remain rare, if common it must become mean." - George Santayana, *The Life of Reason*.

Webster's Ninth Collegiate Dictionary definition of "cult" is as follows: "1. Formal religious veneration. 2. A system of religious beliefs and ritual. 3. A religion regarded as unorthodox or spurious. 4. A system for the cure of disease based on dogma set forth by its promulgator. 5a. a great devotion to a person, idea, or thing; esp: such devotion regarded as a literary or intellectual fad. b. a usu. small circle of persons united by devotion or allegiance to an artistic or intellectual movement or figure." It is the fifth definition that I will refer to when explaining pop cult. Ignore the other definitions; this is not an article about bizarre loners who speak in odd languages, congregate regularly, worship a false idol, believe in UFOs, dress funny, and don't have sex.... (well, ok, aside from the Trekkies I'm not covering that.)

The classic example of a pop cult is the original *Star Trek* series, which aired from 1966-69 on NBC. The series was never a ratings smash during its original run and would have been canceled after its second season if not for the efforts of a devoted group of fans. Those fans organized a massive letter writing campaign to NBC and convinced the network executives to pick the series up for a third year. After the series was cancelled, *Star Trek* found a wider audience as syndicated nightly reruns. The fan base swelled, and catchphrases like "Beam me up, Scotty" and "He's dead, Jim" caught on in popular culture. It was this growth beyond the original cult of "Trekkers" that revived the franchise that eventually would spawn nine feature films and three spin-off series.

Interestingly there are mini-cults within this cult of Trekkers, as each series has hard-core devotees as well as detractors. It also seems that the wider the audience that each series tries to appeal to, the weaker the quality.

Star Trek: Voyager aims to appeal to an audience that tunes in to see explosions and Borg babes, and as a consequence, rarely tells stories of any depth. The dialogue is overloaded with "technobabble" - nerdy sounding sci-fi speak - and little effort is made by the writers to maintain consistent characterization or continuity. By contrast, *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* was a well-crafted series that held on to a loyal audience by focusing on character development and long-term story arcs. The characters were morally ambiguous and were often faced with more difficult ethical choices than most sci-fi characters. This made it difficult for the show to attract casual viewers, but it attracted an extremely devoted audience. Still, in terms of popular culture, *Voyager* is the more successful show. Even people who have never seen it would likely be able to identify some of the show's characters (nine times out of ten they'd probably know Jeri Ryan's saran-wrapped Seven of Nine, thanks to the multitude of magazine covers she's been on.) *DS9* never achieved that kind of visibility.

Another recent example of a production that crossed the line from pop cult to pop culture would be a little indie movie released last summer called *The Blair Witch Project*. Perhaps you've heard of it?

As most of the free world must know by now, the film is a "mockumentary," supposedly made up of footage shot by an ill-fated trio of film students for a documentary on a local legend known as "The Blair Witch." A caption at the start of the film informs the viewer, "In October of 1994, three student filmmakers disappeared in the woods near Burkittesville, Maryland. One year later, their footage was found."

The film was unique in that every frame was shot by one of the three actors and that the film's dialogue was entirely improvised. To keep the documentary feel of the production as authentic as possible, the directors and producers really did send the actors into the woods alone for an eight-day shoot. The only contact the cast had with the directors was daily packets left that contained information for each performer about their motivation that day. The actors were also usually unaware of the scares that were to be sprung on them each night by the directors. Their only instruction: "Film everything."

As a filmmaker I thought this was a really clever way to make a movie, sort of a "method filmmaking." The documentary premise was a clever conceit that not only allowed the filmmakers to pass the events off as real, but shooting on digital video and 16 millimeter film drastically reduced the budget. Also having the actors actually experience the events rather than perform them

was a wise choice. It feels real because it is real, which makes for much more terrifying viewing than the latest *Scream* rip-off.

When *The Blair Witch Project* premiered at the Sundance Film Festival in early 1999, it was an instant hit. In fact, it was such a hit that extra screenings had to be added to accommodate everyone who wished to see it. Audiences of budding filmmakers, jaded critics, and indie directors responded with wide approval. Film geeks like myself were attracted to it because it was the kind of idea we wish we had come up with. It was a film that we could have produced ourselves, if only we had thought of the idea first.

It is important to remember that at this point, most of the audience thought it was a real documentary, or at least they weren't certain if it was fake. The uncertainty

while, you couldn't turn on the TV without seeing a Blair Witch parody. *The Blair Witch Project* had found a wider audience, and their response was:

"Boring!"

"The camera movements make me dizzy."

"Not scary at all."

"Man, that was sooo fake!" (This one amused me....as if it makes a difference if the events in the film actually happened. I don't recall anyone saying *Scream* or *Psycho* weren't scary because they were "just a movie.")

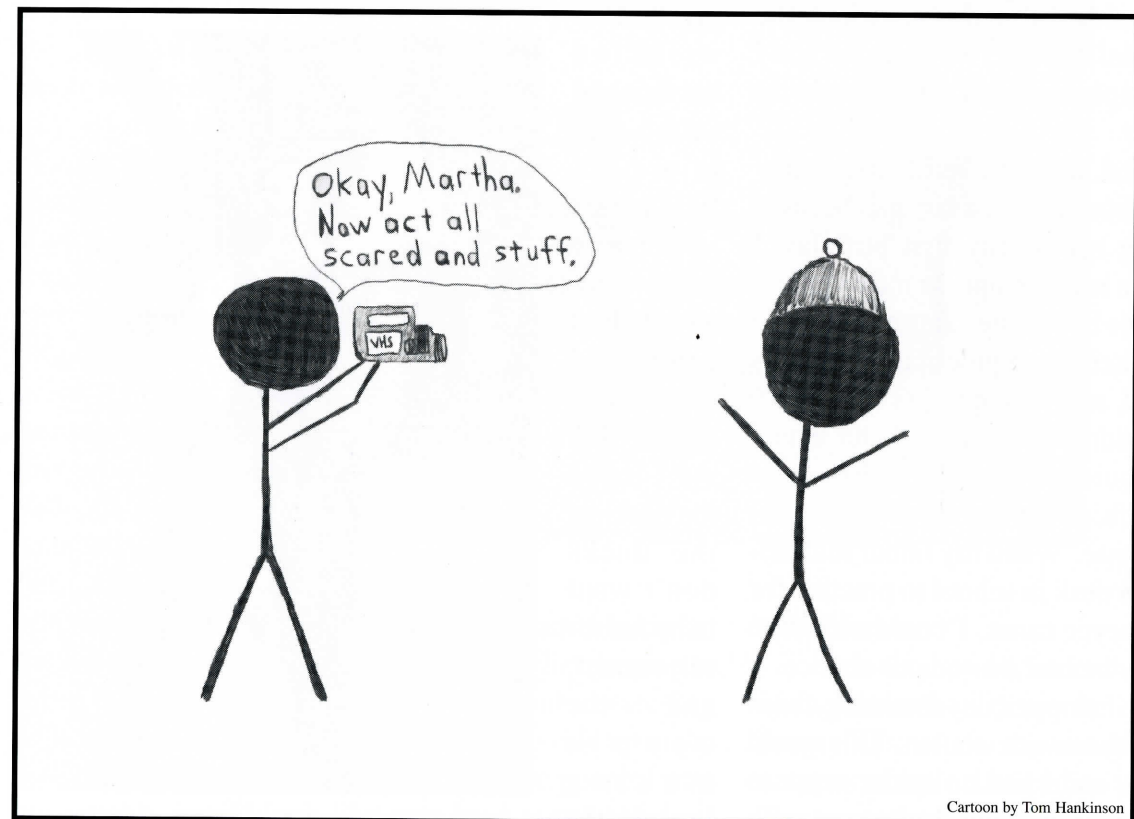
On one level, it is understandable that most filmgoers weren't as dazzled by the "behind-the-scenes" efforts as an audience of filmmakers had been, but the film should have had other appeal. Yet, the scare factor didn't translate well to most people. It seems that some

filmgoers aren't scared by a movie unless there's blood and gore in the first ten minutes and plenty of scares throughout. To me, the scariest parts of *The Blair Witch Project* weren't the supernatural overtones, but how quickly the characters turned on each other in the woods. Even if you know there is no "Blair Witch," the tension is real. Some filmgoers do like psychological scares, but it seems the majority prefers pyrotechnics. In pop cult, *The Blair Witch Project* is a masterpiece, but

pop culture sees it as just a video with shaky camera work.

This brings me to my next point. Aside from spawning many, many parodies, *The Blair Witch Project* was also responsible for stoking the flames of the "Digital Revolution" in filmmaking. Never again would directors need to use expensive camera equipment to make movies. Moviemaking would be so much more accessible now. A person could buy a \$1,500 digital video camera at Circuit City, shoot their movie on that, transfer the footage to their computer to edit it, and distribute

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only added to the tension of the film and helped earn the movie the reputation of "the scariest film since *The Exorcist*." Even those that knew it wasn't a genuine documentary raved about the way the film was made. Buzz for the film slowly began to build over the next few months, leading up to the picture's wide release that July.

Until the movie opened nationwide, it was still part of "pop cult." When filmmakers and critics watched it, their reaction was something akin to "Cool! This looks real, it feels real, it's scary, and it's a very original way of making a movie." Mainstream release quickly propelled the film into the realm of "pop culture." For a

A Day in the Tights

A Ballet Boy's Continued Search for Masculinity

by Chris Million

As a young boy, I could often be found in my backyard, closely following my dad with a child-size chainsaw. This was not the result of a severe Oedipal complex, but because he was cutting down the old beech trees that threatened to fall on our roof. He and I would pass hours in silence (aside from the growl of the chainsaw and the occasional tree fall) while he cut and I pretended. If only this simple boyhood dream could remain uncorrupted.

The years have passed, and I've left home to discover that there are a number of ways a boy can become a man. After celebrating my twenty-first birthday, I thought I should reflect on my attempts at manhood.

As a skinny little white boy in the suburbs, my ideal of manhood after my father was Spiderman. He was smart, polite, very nimble, and strong in his own lanky sort of way. Spiderman didn't claim to be faster than a speeding bullet, but he could climb walls. Also enticing, his powers came not from work or alien origin, but from a radioactive spider bite. When my father told stories about sitting under his desk in school to practice for the nuclear attacks that never came, I could only bite my lip in chagrin to know he had missed our chance.

It wasn't long before I stopped daydreaming about men in tights and replaced them with women. This would be my ultimate weakness, and I had no spider sense to alert me to the danger. In sixth grade, I went out with Erica Dunn for the most joyous nine hours of my youth. But it was high school, and my two and a half year career at McDonald's, that really brought the trouble.

Rachel Owens was the first crew member I dated, and foreshadowed perfectly my few McDonald's relationships. The first thing she told me as I hopped in her car for our fist date was that her name wasn't Rachel, sort of. It was pronounced to rhyme with "pray tell" or more importantly, Chantel, her middle name. So Rachel Chantel made me promise not to call her that, but to understand if her mother did. The second thing she told me was that she did not have a valid driver's license,

and she hoped I didn't mind. But what she lacked in lawfulness she made up for with religious fervor. The stoplights we whizzed under looked quite a bit like the view out the front of the Starship Enterprise. And under each one, Rachel would bless herself and pray that God would keep us safe.

When we arrived at the park where we intended to feed the ducks, she made a slightly disgusted face and asked me if I smelled something. I wondered if the break-neck speeds and the near-collision with a black Lexus had caused me to perspire, but with relief, I declared I smelled nothing. "When's the last time you showered?" she asked. I was glad to be talking about hygiene as opposed to damnation, a subject about which I knew much less as evidenced by my inclusion of Ghandi in heaven. So I confidently answered her, "Why, this morning."

She wrinkled her face and said no more. Without learning what faux pas I had committed now, I suggested that we leave the park, as the ducks don't want to be fed after sunset, and the couple making love in the

blanket didn't seem to appreciate our company either. Back at her mom's apartment, Rachel showed me her guinea pigs, who were greedily gobbling up their young when we were introduced. Finally, she let me hold her white doves, Elijah and Job. These unhappy birds looked more like pigeons than I had imagined and the poop they promptly dropped on my shoes was also reminiscent of those urban statue-sitters. Later I would learn that as a swimmer, Rachel bathed at least four times a day. I wasn't sure what the swimming had to do with it, as I had always considered it a substitute for a bath. Had Spidey been with me that day, the web-slinger and I



wouldn't have stuck around for any more. However, on becoming a man, I still had much to learn.

I met another McDonald's girlfriend while helping out at the Dublin restaurant, which was understaffed that day. Forward enough to put her number in my back pocket while I was taking an order at the register, Jess lived in the country, forty minutes from my home. Still, love knows no bounds, and I drove out there several times. On one date, she drove my car into a ditch. She hadn't told me it was her first time. But the zenith of our romance was the Balloon Festival. Jess was going to show her horse, compete in the beauty pageant, and ride up into the heavens in a friend's balloon at the climax of the festivities, as hundreds of brightly colored hot-air balloons took to flight.

Having never attended any of these events, I already knew I was looking forward to the end. Beauty pageants depress me, horses were dirty, but the balloons - that sounded cool.

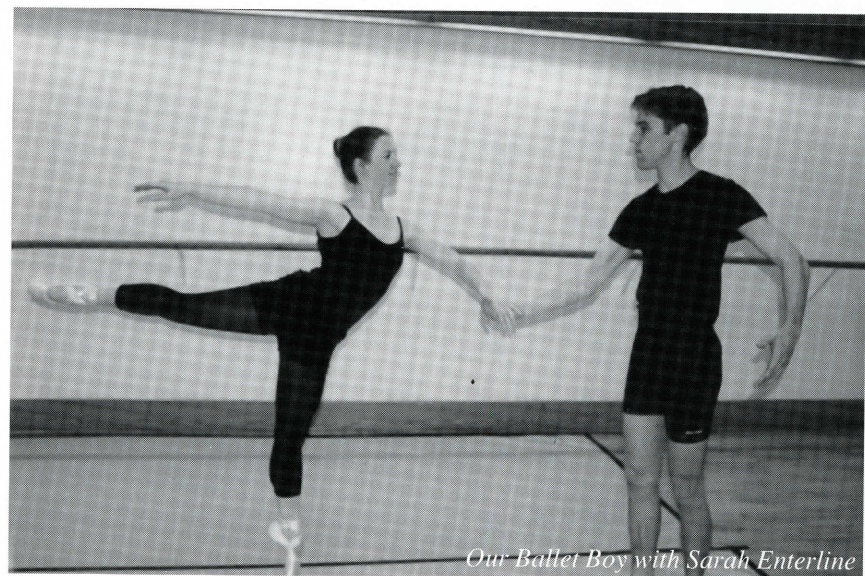
Sitting by myself watching the horse-showing, I pretended to sip on the coke I had finished fifteen minutes earlier, hoping to avoid eye contact with the guy in the Confederate flag ball cap next to me. Maybe I would get to ride up in the balloon with Jess, high above all of these people, who presumably would look like ants hard at work below. Imagining myself shimmying up the side of a building, looking down on some redneck arch-villain, my reverie was shaken by a sound. A sound not unlike a dozen bags of flour hitting a wall. The sound of my girlfriend falling off her horse into sawdust.

Needless to say, the beauty pageant did not go well. Why anyone would want to be the Balloon Queen was inconceivable. Who would in fact, not be the new reigning Balloon Queen was crystal clear. Jess was nervous and self-conscious throughout, though she did manage to work in to her answer for the question on world hunger the fact that she was on a diet. Greeting Jess, both of

whose eyes were black now with running mascara, at the end of the pageant was a miserable experience. What could I say? Honestly, I wasn't shocked she hadn't won. I didn't think she should try again next year. It was a silly contest with a tiara as a prize. Instead, I just held her until her parents arrived to tell us to come help set up the balloon. Unfortunately, there wasn't room for me in the basket, and I had no idea how to get to the parking lot. These were things I learned on my quest for manhood.

My most recent attempt at uncovering manhood has been to arrive late to Club Soccer scrimmages in favor of practicing ballet partnering with some dancers on campus. I have taken ballet classes for a total of eight months,

a time characterized by deep choreographic confusion and the laughter of little girls. I decided at the beginning of the year that the ballet world was ready for my debut in a piece on campus followed by a small role in The Nutcracker. Of course, the guys at soccer are very supportive. When I arrive late, Hogan curtsies in welcome. When I make a good play, Frank says the prima ballerina has done it again. I'll have to tell him sometime that the term is



"male danseur."

Spending my afternoon hours and weekends in bike shorts and ballet slippers dancing has taught me several things. First of all, any straight guy who thinks the stereotypes of male dancers are too great a burden to take a class or perform has not spent much time with the dancers at Denison. These are strong, beautiful women who spend most of their time in the Dance building, cut off from the rest of campus. It is a building full of caring, active women, many of whom are single. If there are a number of gay dancers upon whom the stereotypes are based, they must be pissed. They're surrounded by these great people who love using their bodies, and hardly a one of them is a man.

Secondly, the clothing for ballet is as hard as the steps. Try to find a weighty cotton men's shirt that is close fitting with short sleeves. Then, wander through

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“Show Us Your Tits!”

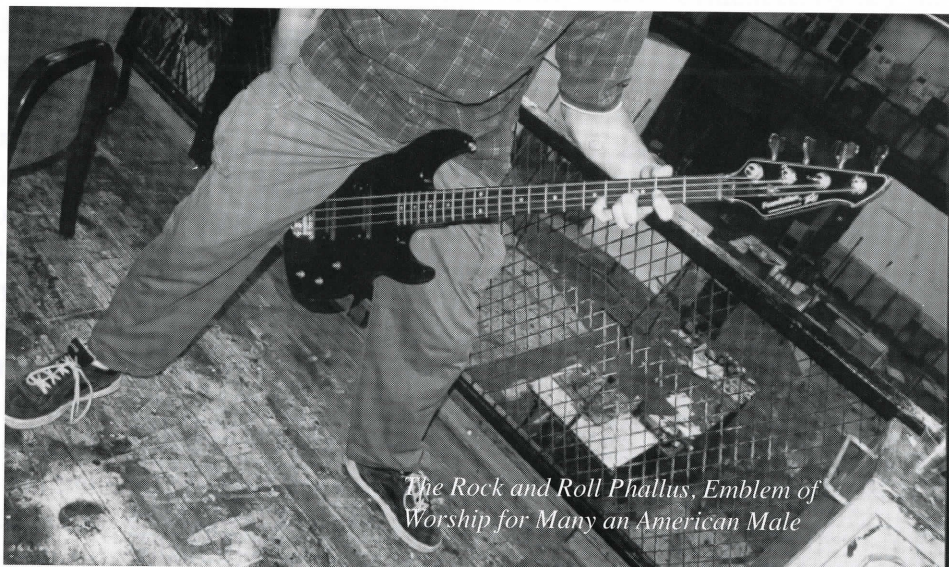
A Feminist Glimpse into the Overt Misogyny in Popular Culture Today

by Heidi Newitt

We arrive late, and find that we have missed System of a Down and Powerman 5000. The anticipation we experienced during the four-hour-long slow-down on the freeway wears off quickly, and the one-mile walk from the entrance into the *Speedway* leaves us hot, tired, and ready to go home. But no, we say to ourselves, this will be worth it. Shuffling through the crazy, already half-drunk and slobbering men, and the barely dressed, trashy women (“trashy” is really the only word to use for these particular females) becomes a nightmarish blur of yelling, sweating, and wandering hands. This is going to be bad, I think. Very bad. Water is six bucks a bottle. Beer is equally expensive. And in this sweltering moist air, most of my fellow fans are disturbingly intoxicated, seeing as how it is only 4 o’clock. The four of us finally advance to the point of actually seeing the stage. Kid Rock has just begun his set. And there I am, a militant feminist, standing in a pool of some stranger’s vomit, wondering who on earth could be cruel enough to have convinced me that going to the Summer Sanitarium concert in Sparta, Kentucky in the middle of August would be fun.

This was the opening scene to what I can easily refer to as the worst rock concert experience of my life.

It wasn’t so much the crowds, or the expense of beverages, or even the amount of intoxicated people in the audience that bothered me—all of that should be expected at any concert, whether it’s Ozzy Osbourne or N’Sync onstage. No, what bothered me the most was the absolute male-ness of the entire scene.



The Rock and Roll Phallus, Emblem of Worship for Many an American Male

First, there was Kid Rock’s performance (Keep in mind; I’ll not even touch the content of his lyrics. If you’d like to hear his thoughts on women, download some songs off of *Scour*). Granted, he is not known to be the most feminist-friendly artist on the market today.

I can certainly accept that. However, his whole set felt a little too much like a circus sideshow, created especially for horny young males, aged 16-29. Anyone familiar with Kid Rock’s music is aware that one of his fellow musicians is Joe C., who happens to be a midget. Or, to quote his own line, he is “three feet tall with a twelve-foot dick.” Whatever his penis size may be, there is no denying that a midget onstage is a guaranteed crowd-pleaser (my apologies to anyone with relatives who are vertically challenged). And let us not forget the three or four barely-clothed blonde beauties onstage, demonstrating the flexibility of their lean bodies (“open up and say ‘ahhhhh’”). This isn’t a rock concert, I thought. It’s a stag party. Again, perhaps I am drawing too many conclusions here. Maybe Kid Rock is simply giving a disadvantaged young man an opportunity to hone his talents, and the women are his yoga instructors, showing the crowd some unusual stretching exercises. Call me a cynic, but somehow I just don’t think so.

Next up was Korn. These fine specimens of Gen X angst did not take quite the same approach as Mr. Cock (errr...I mean, Mr. Rock). No women appeared on the stage. Each band member was well over the five-foot height range. But, as refreshing as these men were after the healthy dose of pure testosterone, they continued the idea that rock’n’roll means two things: sex and violence. Korn’s approach was fire. About ten minutes into their set, the sign above the band was set aflame. By this point, tired, hot, and angry at the silliness and blatant misogyny of Kid Rock’s performance, I found Korn’s antics to be pathetically weak. Is a flaming sign supposed to make me want to go out and kill small animals? What the hell was this? I kept thinking, oh God, please let that sign get out of control and set the entire stage on fire.

Again, I am not personally against the anarchist views of the current musicians. Hey, I’m all about Punk Rock. Yeah, rip some shit up! Go you! *Mental picture of the cheerleaders from Nirvana’s “Smells Like Teen Spirit” video.* However, it has to be done for the right reasons. These artists keep playing to the old image of “man-the-destructor,” a slave to fire and his own libido. Isn’t this getting a little stale?

Metallica was no better. James Hetfield, lead singer of the band, was absent due to a back injury. All Lars Ulrich (drummer) could say as he announced this was

how much of a big, strong man Hetfield is, and how much pain he can take. Then, during their performance, they repeatedly encouraged the crowd’s moshing. After the recent rash of mosh-related deaths, one would think that Metallica would care more about their fans’ safety. I guess that’s just not manly enough. For some reason, though, I can absolve Metallica of their cock-rock attitude, though, since they have been around since the age of the dinosaurs. Criticizing Metallica for misogyny feels a bit like criticizing your grandfather for being a republican. It’s just something that comes with the territory.

The worst of all, by far, was the crowd itself. Not only was there moshing (not unusual, I realize, but at one point I practically had to physically restrain my roommate, who had just put her cigarette out on a drunken mosher’s shoulder), but also the women in the crowd took great pleasure in stripping at the least provocation. Every ten minutes during the four or five hours of the show, a little huddle of loud, crass men would appear, and immediately you would know what was happening. Let’s just say, I saw WAY too many breasts that day. It was demeaning to the women doing this, and it was demeaning to my friends and me. Leering, drooling figures were everywhere, and the sooner I escaped from that hellhole of filth, the better.

Overall, it made the show almost impossible to enjoy, despite my appreciation for the music (I’m a reasonably big fan of Korn and Metallica, and, I hate to say it, but I like Kid Rock, too). What has music come to? Have I just been living in some kind of hole? What has happened to music? I suppose it has always sucked. As for my future concert plans, I think I’ll stick to nice, safe, feminist-friendly Ani DiFranco. ☸

It’s December, and the holidays are coming up.

Come meet people who don’t celebrate any of them.

Campus Freethought Association

Meetings are held every other TUESDAY in SHORNEY LOUNGE, 8:00 P.M. For more information, contact Brad Reed at reed_b

Stuck in the Dole-drums

Attempted Seduction of U.S. Senator Strikes Out

by Lindsay Woods

I arrived early and strategically positioned myself in the front row. From my seat I was able to catch a glimpse of his silver hair and captivating blue suit. He



Photograph provided by Lindsay Woods

sat down in the red chair in a manner that demanded respect, legs crossed, back straight. Then, he delicately sipped the water that had just been set out for him. Oh, that lucky glass, to be so close to the mouth that had uttered such infamous words as, "In America, any boy can grow up to be president.... except me."

As he stood up to speak, my heartbeat began to race. How anxious I was to hear the insightful words that he would proclaim in the next hour. Yet, as he began to speak, my mind began to wander. Just think about all that he has accomplished in his life, all he has done. He served in World War II and the U.S. House of Representatives, was chairman of the Republican Party during Watergate, and even ran for president, twice. My friends always told me that I was more mature than guys my own age, and to be honest, I've always been attracted to older men. So, really it's no surprise that I fell head-over-heels for 77-year-old Bob Dole.

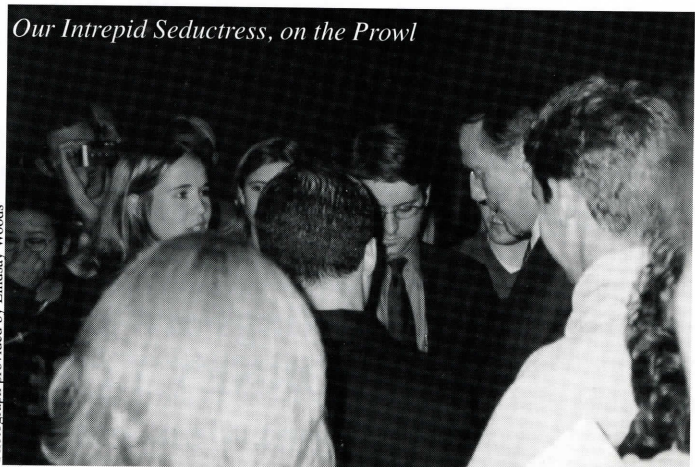
I speak of my love as if it were inevitable; however, that is not entirely the truth. When I informed my mother of my interest in the senator, she was more than

a little shocked. Normally, my ultra-liberal views would keep me grounded and far from the heart of any republican, but the only explanation that I can offer is that love knows no boundaries, even political ones. My friends warned me against falling for him. They said things like "He won't have any time for you, he'll always be stuck at work", and "He's around young interns all day, what chance do you have?" Even Bob Dole himself said, "Power and responsibility cause skewed views of what's important." I know that it's not going to be easy, but how can I not fall for his handsome good looks? Besides, power and responsibility are sexy.

Speaking of sexy, if there is one girl out there who cannot admit that when Bob refers to himself in the third person they get turned on, I'd sure like to meet this stone cold female. People say he knows all about the right, so I want to teach him the wrong. As soon as I heard Denison was bringing him to campus, I knew this was my chance. I prepared my outfit months in advance and I knew exactly what to say when I was given the opportunity to speak with him. I practiced my line over and over again, "I hear Clinton liked soft money, I'm guessing you like it hard."

So there I was, listening to the man whose words I had been waiting to hear for years, whose destiny I had hoped was inevitably united with mine. Before I even realized it, his speech had concluded and everyone was cheering. I hurriedly collected my belongings, pulled out my camera, and prepared to fight the crowd of people who, along with me, were anxious to meet the great man in person. When Bob's assistant announced that he would now be signing autographs and taking pictures, I pushed my way to the line. Unfortunately, I was nowhere near the front and he was completely surrounded with people eager to meet him. I waited patiently, repeating the lines I already knew by heart.

Finally, I approached the front of the crowd. One



Our Intrepid Seductress, on the Prowl

Photograph provided by Lindsay Woods

of his security guards motioned me over, and I handed my camera to a friend. Already ecstatic to be in the presence of such greatness, I naturally smiled uncontrollably. The flash went off and I knew that this was my chance. I leaned over, smiled seductively, and opened my mouth to speak. Then the greatest tragedy of my life occurred. I stood completely silent with a ridiculous grin on my face. Suddenly, without warning, I was tossed aside with the others before me so that more fervent individuals could have their pictures taken.

This is the end of my tragic tale. Thus, I am forced to make a desperate plea to the senator himself. Bob, if you are reading this, I beg you to give me another chance. Please, realize your destiny and return to Denison. I assure you that once I get my hands on you, you won't need any more of those darn pills. ☸

If you also have had trouble seducing a Senator, or would like to try it but don't know how to get started, call !Senascore! at 1-800-LOVEGOV. Their friendly technicians are availble 24-hours a day to equip you with the skills you need to make that special someone on Capital Hill yours. Call !Senascore! today for a more... participatory Democracy tomorrow.

Foreign Hostel Encounters

Continued from page 9

speaking very loudly. I lifted my head to see two figures standing in the light from the doorway. "Would you look at that!" exclaimed a female with an English accent, "Everyone's asleep already!" The guy at the bunk to my right rolled over as well. "Yeah, we've seen your naked arses!" he said with loud impatience. "You can leave now!" The English woman repeated her consternation several times, and the man with her suggested they go have a look in the other rooms. "What was that?" exclaimed a girl somewhere else in the darkness. I was just glad I hadn't put on my glasses.

Not knowing who might make it past the desk attendant and sneak in from the streets, I returned to an uneasy sleep. The next morning I awoke with a start, as a strange young man was poking my shoulder. "Wake up, sweetie," he cooed, "We're going to find a place to live today." After several seconds of horror and confusion, I remembered where I was.

Twenty minutes later I went downstairs to meet Mark for breakfast, and he introduced me to Sarah from Calgary. Sarah had tiny blond corkscrew curls and a

charming, bubbly personality to match. We welcomed her on our second day of flat hunting, where we modeled our best behavior, but the odds remained stacked against us. We were continually beaten to the game as lines of job-holding students arrived ahead of us. Landlords promised decisions within the week, but it didn't look good.

"It's beautiful!" we exclaimed of every flat we saw. It didn't matter; we just needed a place to live. "It's perfect!" They began to run together, looking the same. "It's beautiful." We were desperate for anything. "We'd love it!" We'd be happy in any room with a door that locked. "It'll be ready for you in 2 days." "—What?" The abrupt reversal left us momentarily stunned. Sarah was the first to come to and snatch it before anybody else showed up, and we exchanged our information.

Walking home in a kind of stupor, the full effects of the day finally hit us. We had done the impossible. We had found a place to LIVE! And we had done it in 2 DAYS! Giddiness swept over us, and we began dancing in the streets. It was uncontrollable.

Many other people had been stuck living in the hostels for months. We were privileged to abandon the hostels' daily thefts and rampant nakedness. Moving into our "beautiful" new flat was a completely new experience. For the first time we saw the tattered walls, cracked ceiling, and left over pieces of junk. It was a cold, damp, sunless hell-hole, but we didn't let that get to us. It was ours.

Sitting through the late USIT orientation, Mark and I grinned at each other smugly. We had already discovered everything on our own. Unfortunately, USIT had not been able to warn us at a useful time of the sorts of districts into which we might not want to move. Our nonexistent "backyard" was enclosed by a lovely gray block fence topped with barbed wire. A red painted sign outside a nearby residence in our neighborhood read, "No Drugs Here." Yeah. It was pretty obvious.

I had found the foreign experiences and adventure I'd come for in even my very first week abroad, though. I began to develop quite a taste for the excitement that came with finding my way in and out of difficult situations. Although I had no idea what else might happen on the continuing vacation and my beginning search for a summer job, I was sure that there would be plenty more stories to come. My experience showed how little one requires in taking a trip abroad. I did it without any accommodation, friends, job, or any real substantial plans whatsoever. If you have the will, you can make it happen. ☸

Open the Road Wider

Continued from page 10

'Here's your God damn holy book,' and laughed. Then he closed the door real fast so I couldn't throw it back at him. I yelled and screamed, then, when I got tired, I sat down on the floor and looked at this 'heathen book.' It was simply the greatest gift I had ever received! Later, maybe a year later, with tears in my eyes, I thanked that guard for his gift. He, naturally, thought I was quite insane."

Immediately following his discovery of the Dharma, or Buddhist doctrine, Parker began a formal meditation practice following the instructions in books he both found in the prison and which Roshi Robert Aitken of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship kindly sent him upon request. He reached out locally to the Ecumenical Buddhist Society, located in Little Rock, for support and consultation on various Buddhist concerns. The group arranged for him to take his Buddhist refuge vows with Lama Tharchin Rinpoche in 1995. Parker's practice flourished and he and several other inmates would go on to study and practice meditation together.

On March 20, 1996, Parker wrote a letter to the Engaged Zen Foundation, a Buddhist prison support group, thanking them for sending him a copy of their newsletter, The Gateway Journal. At the time, his execution was set for the coming month of May. "This world is a house on fire and I have been trying to flee," he wrote in the letter. "Now I'm on my way out I see everything a little more clearly (once the world dissolves you see everything clearly). I would like to say to all the people

incarcerated in this country, 'Seek enlightenment.' The Buddha is enlightenment itself, the way to know the Buddha is to become enlightened. Seek...in seeking you will find the Buddha, residing in your own heart!"

The Reverend Kobutsu Kevin Malone, the executive director of the Engaged Zen Foundation and respected Rinzai Zen priest, was both moved and amazed by the letter. "Frankie had written to us two months before he was scheduled to be executed; this was an entirely new circumstance in our experience...[and] not only was Frankie about to be executed, but he did not once ask for anything in his letter." Reverend Malone contacted Parker and offered both the group's and his own support. Parker confessed that he had originally planned to die without a spiritual advisor, but finally asked Reverend Malone at the end of their first telephone conversation if he would be with him when he was executed. When Reverend Malone arrived on May 24 to be with Parker before his scheduled execution on May 29, he discovered that Governor of Arkansas Jim Guy Tucker had granted a reprieve to change Parker's execution date to July 11. Reverend Malone received this news at his first meeting with Parker, when he performed a "jukai" ceremony (ceremony for taking the Buddhist precepts) and gave Parker the name "Jusan," which means "mountain of eternal life."

With the date of execution postponed for some time, Reverend Malone set his sights on trying to convince the governor to grant Parker clemency. Then, on May 28, Governor Tucker was convicted of two federal felonies connected with the Whitewater scandal. He was scheduled to leave office on July 15, which left him up until the last thirty

days of his term to grant a prisoner clemency. "We were hopeful that Governor Tucker, now a felon himself, and scheduled to leave office in disgrace, would recognize that he had nothing to lose in granting Jusan clemency," Reverend Malone wrote later. But the last possible day for a clemency grant passed and the only change made by the defamed governor was to reschedule the execution to September 17. Then, one week after Lieutenant Governor Michael Huckabee assumed the office of Governor of Arkansas, Parker's execution was moved forward six weeks to August 8. The governor's office reported that the change was made "out of consideration for the victims' family." Huckabee would go on to refuse all of Reverend Malone's daily requests for a meeting and cancel the only one he did eventually schedule.

With little hope of receiving a clemency grant, Parker and Reverend Malone concentrated on Parker's Buddhist practice. Parker expressed an interest to Reverend Malone about fully ordaining as a monk before his death. On August 4, Reverend Malone and E-Kun Liz Potter, also of the Engaged Zen Foundation, performed an ordination ceremony for him. It was the only time he would ever wear his monk's robes, and he remained shackled for the duration of the ritual. His ordained name, determined by Malone, was "Fudo," after the bodhisattva (selfless, enlightened being) who let himself be chained in Hell until all sentient beings reached enlightenment. Parker's practice remained in the front of his mind, and he left all those in his company impressed with his strength. His own confrontation with his death, as theorized by the Dalai Lama, led to his making every moment meaningful and peaceful. Talking with Jean

Crume from the Ecumenical Buddhist Society, he said: "Every night when I close my eyes to sleep, I think I am dying. Soon I may be murdered by the state. I'll die with a smile on my ugly old face; they may not understand, but you'll know...[A warden] said something to me that made me the proudest I've ever been in my life. He said he wished that all the inmates were Buddhist if they would live like me."

After spending ten years on death row and nearly eight years with the Dharma, the Reverend Jusan Fudo Parker was executed at 9:04 P.M. on August 8, 1996. The last thing he saw was a picture of the Buddha held up to his face by Larry Norris, the Director of the Department of Correctional Services. During his last day alive, Parker was able to speak by phone with several important Buddhist teachers, such as Roshi Eido Shimano, Roshi Philip Kapleau, and again with Lama Tharchin Rinpoche. As his spiritual advisor, Reverend Malone was able to stay with Parker throughout his last day and be with him at the execution itself. Parker was denied permission to wear his robes at his execution, but was able to wear his rakusu (ritual bib), given to him by Reverend Malone at their first meeting, with a photograph of His Holiness the Dalai Lama paper-clipped to the strap. He asked Reverend Malone to keep the photograph after his death and present it to His Holiness along with a khata (white silk scarf) some day.

An excerpt from his final statement perhaps best illustrates the profound effect that Buddhism had upon his life down to his last moments alive: "I pray that others who have committed heinous crimes may find the small light that I have kindled an inspiration, and spread the flame of

compassion to illuminate the entire universe, so that all beings may realize the fundamental compassionate nature that resides within all of us."

Author's Note: As I was trying to come up with a topic to write about for this issue of MoYO, it was suggested to me by co-editor Chris Million that I do something based on the research I did this summer on a Woodyard Summer Scholar grant. The project was concerned with Buddhist practice in prisons around the world. When I first discovered the following story during my research, I was so moved by it that I broke down and cried. I decided that to convey something, anything, about this story in MoYO would be a good thing to do. After some thought, I decided to simply leave the portion of my research about it largely intact and submit that for publication. However, for the reader's sake, I have removed most of the proper, but intrusive, MLA notations. Aside from the quote and material from the Dalai Lama's The Joy of Living and Dying in Peace (San Francisco: HarperSanFrancisco, 1991), all quotations and information come from articles, interviews, and materials available on the Engaged Zen Foundation's website ([http://www.engaged\(c\)zen.org](http://www.engaged(c)zen.org)). May all Denisonians graduate from suffering!-DF ☸

MoYO has a new policy on advertisements. As of this semester, the magazine will not accept ads from any for-profit organization. We particularly encourage ads from campus groups, though other non-profit groups may also buy ad space. Thank you for your continued financial support through student activities funds. You make MoYO possible.

Requiem for "An Okay Cat"

Continued from page 11

DB: I was in Barcelona, Spain this past summer when I received an email from my vet explaining that Mouchette had an abdominal tumor. I replied asking if there was anything he could do. He replied back saying he believed the tumor was cancerous and I told him, 'If you can't do anything, you can't do anything.'

LB: Did you get to see Mouchette when you returned home?

DB: There's a funny story there... when I came to retrieve the frozen cat at the vet, she clawed me through the plastic bag. I still think it was her way of getting back at me.

LB: Wait, you mean Mouchette wasn't a people-cat?

DB: No, not at all- she was a hateful cat. Alums Rob Levine and Mark Bryan claim that Mouchette liked them but I think whoever had the food, she liked.

LB: If you got the goods, you got it. Well, since Mouchette wasn't what we'll call "affectionate," do you miss her nonetheless?

DB: I miss her. It's weird, you hear noises in the house and think oh! Mouchette's... dead. It couldn't be her.

LB: Do you think the annex or you yourself will get another cat?

DB: I'd rather have a dog.

LB: What would you say of Mouchette to those who never had the opportunity to meet her?

DB: I think it is best summed up by saying, "Mouchette was an OK cat."

Thanks Dave. I think so too.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let Down Your Keycard

Continued from page 15

guided me to the correct residence hall. She had to use her key to unlock the doors because I came about an hour before visiting hours, which were from 1:30 to midnight. I waited patiently in the lobby while my friend called for my girlfriend, who had just finished showering a few stories up.

Their lobby was quite expansive. The ceiling was about two stories high, and there was an entire glass wall with two doors opening to a grass courtyard. It was extremely muggy, and the two ceiling fans twenty feet above were in slow mode, emitting a breeze similar to that of a fly flapping its wings in my ear. There was an ancient brown pi-

ano against the wall opposite the giant glass window. There were two round tables, complete with chairs, and a few couches—the kind that disguise themselves as couches but are actually wooden benches dressed with stinky green cushions.

I wedged myself into one of these cushions and awaited my blonde beauty. I was about to doze off when I was startled by another man walking into the lobby. He was red-headed, brawny, and older-looking. Looking at him, I met a stern gaze through thinned eyes. Uh oh, what did I do? Have I infiltrated their ranks? Will I get punished?

I pretended not to notice him as I sat up and innocently whistled “Amazing Grace” while tapping my knee. My eyes were now fixed on the hallway entrance, awaiting Hot Mama. Beads of hot sweat sizzled down my forehead and trickled down my nose. My eyebrows were quivering as I saw him finally sit down at the other end of the room out of the

corner of my eye. His head was still fixed in my direction. Blink! I thought. Oh please, blink you scoundrel! I was digging my fingers into my blue jeans, until, in an act of sheer frustration, I turned my gaze towards the red-menace.

For a timeless moment, we just stared at each other, eyebrows lowered into attack position, eyes unmoving. He made the first move, curling his lip up to reveal his venomous teeth. Taking this as a threat and pondering his connection to Elvis, I retaliated by raising my left eyebrow in Bond fashion, as if to say, “you may be brawny, but I’m British, and I can bounce my pecs.” I obviously underestimated his wit, for just as I raised my brow he began to flap his cheeks wildly, making that awful suction sound. Panicked, I was at my wit’s end! No! I will not be defeated. So, I did what any rational creature would do in despair. I turned my head and whimpered.

Then girls started filing in one by one. From the main entrance and hallways they came, smiling and carrying a book each. I was confused, because they congregated around the redhead. Was he supposed to be a stud? Nope. They opened their bibles and began a bible-study session. What a relief! And just then my girlfriend strolled in from the hallway, rescuing me from my embarrassment.

We spent the afternoon eating Chinese food and preparing for her dance. While in her room, the door had to be 45% open, or, if you are an optimist, 45% closed. I had to dress in my slacks, dress shirt, and tie, but she didn’t know where guys went to take care of business, because of course, I couldn’t dress in her room unless I wanted to risk exposure of my tighty whiteys. After a time of searching and an inquisition of a few

RA’s, I was sure I was going to make a changing room of my car, but just then I stumbled upon a small door beside a supply closet. I walked in, clearing a path through extensive cobwebs, a few skeletons, and a poster of the women of the Amazon. I took care of business, but not all business. In this frequently used bathroom, I knew it must be a burden to refill the t.p. rolls, so I dismissed it this time.

At their lavish dance, we were instructed not to “floss” or “grind.” I was underdressed. Most of the gentlemen there were fully adorned in suits. Those studs! The ladies were in stylish dresses. It was reminiscent of a prom atmosphere. The decorations were rock ‘n’ roll style and scattered throughout their new dining hall. A disc jockey was spinning off such classics as “Love Shack,” “Vanilla Ice Ice Baby,” “Can’t Touch This,” many country hits, and of course, “Y.M.C.A.” We squeezed between two or ten people and tried to get our groove on. I was a little shy at first, but then I pulled out some fly junk and kicked it for the homeys. I was on fire; I was stylin’; I was flossing. I was in trouble. I thought that I was in-for, doomed to a life of repentance, but they all just laughed at my antics. They just laughed and carried on with their business. I left the dance giddy and with an inflatable guitar decoration that I am currently borrowing from them. I had a blast, and I had an epiphany. This act of brotherhood and love they displayed for me put a whole new light on things. I breathed in sweet air, saw as clear as a hawk, and I walked the walk.

I figured that this wasn’t so bad after all. If my Cinderella had to be back at midnight, then we’ll just go off-campus. I also understood that their rules were more accountable

guidelines, helping them and encouraging them to be on the right track. I suppose it didn’t hurt to be alcohol, smoking, and substance free as well, although many here would see it as utter folly. Hey, it could be worse. Another friend of mine in a Christian college down south had to stay on campus for curfew. Boys were allowed to visit once every two weeks for a period of two hours. No tattoos, no sex, and no giant orgies. Some other schools check to see if your bed is made. I even heard that one school shackles fifty-pound weights on your feet to discourage getting high, and they whip you for being naughty. This is just what I hear of course, nothing else. ☸

Cult-ivated Taste

Continued from page 17

the film on the internet! Anyone can be a movie director now! Isn’t that great?

Frankly, no.

Filmmaking itself is a sort of pop cult. The stereotype is generally of a bunch of Kubrickian or Tarantinoesque geeks who sit around all day using words like “decoupage” and “mise en scene,” (and since I know those words, you know where I fall relative to that stereotype) but filmmakers are a bit more diverse than that. In any event, these are people who have devoted a great deal of time and study to the art and filmmaking, and sometimes the best film they come up with is drek like *Stigmata* and *Eyes Wide Shut*. Can you imagine how much worse a film by a novice with a “new toy” would be? Most people can’t shoot competent

videos of birthday parties, much less a feature film. Look at it from this perspective: I took a General Psychology course my freshman year. Does that mean you would pay \$200 a session to sit on my couch and tell me your problems?

If every person with a video camera is suddenly able to shoot, edit, and market a movie, then filmmaking goes from being pop cult to pop culture. And if you think that crossing that line is a good thing, then you obviously didn’t pay attention to the first half of the article. The internet will be flooded with these “home movies,” and the glut will discourage most people from even looking at them. It’s the old rule of supply-and-demand. Just because access is improved, it doesn’t mean anyone is actually going to see the final product. The market for digital movies will die, partially because of overflow, but also because the overall quality will be low. *The Blair Witch Project* worked because it was fresh and original at the time, but you can’t catch lightning in a bottle twice. Put filmmaking in the hands of the average Joe, and you’ll get the entertainment you deserve.

Is this an elitist view? Probably, but the quality of entertainment is maintained by the limited access of the current system. Pop cult can be more personal and more enjoyable than pop culture because it shoots for a smaller audience. When it comes to culture, mass production and consumption do not ensure quality control. Think about that the next time you watch a TV show simply because it gets the highest ratings, or go to a movie because it made the most money last weekend. And when you do something creative like a poem, or a story, or an article, don’t try to reach everybody. Just aim for those who will understand it.

MoYO

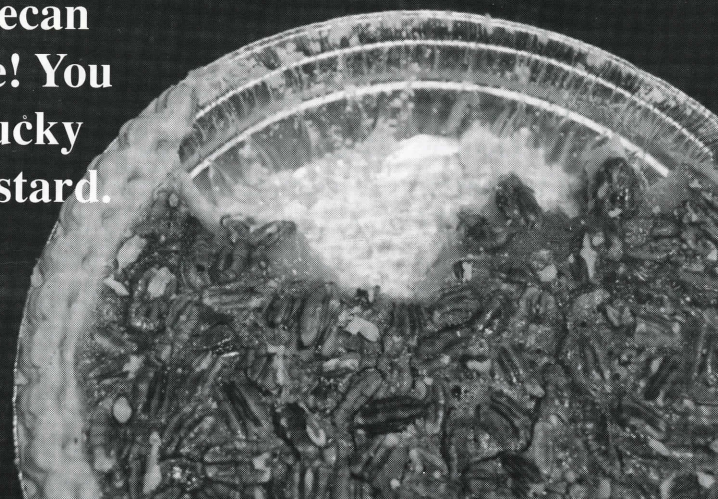
Do you know how to read and write?

Can you sign your own name?

Then you could have avoided execution
in Medieval England.

Work for MoYO
e-mail Chris at millio_c

**Pecan
Pie! You
lucky
bastard.**



**You and your
fancy pants
ideas. Let me
tell you
something:
you can forget
it!**

**There are
ointments for
that sort of
thing.**

**Don't be seduced by the
devilish hip swings of that
upstart Mr. Presley. That
preposterous "Roll and
Rock" is just a fad, like
feminism.**

**A little whitefish
never hurt
anybody.**

**Term
limits
are for
nancy-
boys.**

**Don't talk to me
about your electro-
cyber-frou-fra. You'll
never catch fish in a
net made of little
ones and zeroes.**

**Death
is
Imminent**

Welcome to Interactive MoYO Ouija!

As a public service, your kindly editors have decided to provide you with an enlightening spiritual experience unparalleled in any other campus publication. We have combined the mysticism you adore in Ouija spiritual channeling with the journalistic integrity you have come to expect from Mind of Your Own. Not only that, but we have persuaded a prominent public figure, a pillar of our great nation, to be the locus of our otherworldly journey. We invite you to channel, through your very own fingers, the ghost of Senator Strom Thurmond.

We are aware that Strom Thurmond is still alive. Please, stop your cold-hearted cynicism and leave the magic to us.

This Ouija board works like any other, by making use of a slider-piece (see next page) as the concentration of spiritual energy, which then picks out a message from the other side. For your convenience, we have done some pre-testing and come up with the messages that Senator Thurmond usually selects (he's quite repetitive). By just spelling these out and letting the spirit-Senator choose between them, we have dramatically increased the efficiency of the séance experience. We hope you enjoy your ghostly time with Mr. Thurmond. He is a spirit guide like no other, guaranteed.

**I like
baseball.**

**Rita Hayworth:
Now There's a
Real Dollface**

How to Make Your MoYO Ouija Slider

Materials required:

- (1) MoYO magazine, (1) ruler (not a monarch, a measuring stick), fully functional digits with opposable thumbs, (1) picture of a Communist World leader, and (3) skeins of red wool.

Instructions:

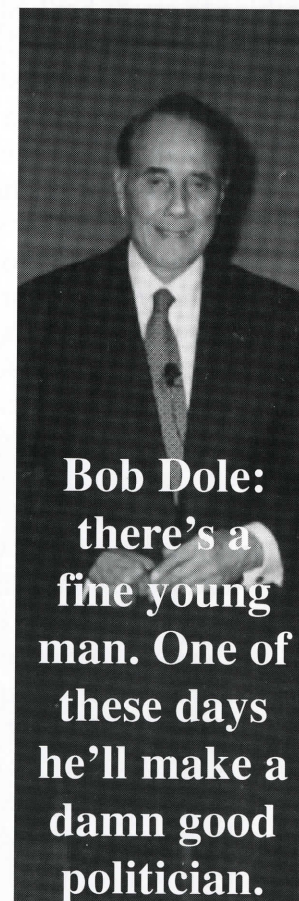
1. Separate your least favorite article from the rest of MoYO, taking special care to remove staples first.
2. Fold said article twice length-wise (@2 and 1/4" from the edge) and once at a forty-five degree angle to the first fold.
3. Pull the innermost dove-tailed corners to the outer layer, resting the flaps on the first fold.
4. Be sure to score each fold twice with scissors BEFORE any additional folds.
5. Using the grommet/washer coupling included with this issue of MoYO, carefully seal exposed flaps.
6. Tie a piece of red wool around one of your digits to help you remember to take down the picture of the communist world leader before the FBI arrives.
7. Contemplate ramifications of bringing into existence the type of technology that will make Ouija predictions possible (I mean, is that really something you can live with?).
8. If confused by Ouija slider directions, consult Strom Thurmond (via MoYO Ouija board) for help.

**Filing cabinets don't
really "file" at all. You
do the filing. They just
sit there and hold files.
Lazy machines.**

**Oysters.
Brrr...**

**Damn Federalists
and their
cockamamie
papers!**

**I like a chair that
spins. All the way
around like a
carousel. I like
pretty wooden
ponies. And
ginger ale. Show
me a man who
can be somber
with those
ticklish bubbles
in his nose, and
I'll show you one
cold-hearted son
of a gun.**



**Bob Dole:
there's a
fine young
man. One of
these days
he'll make a
damn good
politician.**

A Day in the Tights

Continued from page 19

the women's department for the next two hours, making frequent references to your girlfriend, who happens to be your exact size. And try to find a single shade of periwinkle or peach that looks manly. Finally, there is the dance belt, the glorified thong, which is worn under your tights or bike shorts, as opposed to superhero fashion. This is an evil article serving a dual purpose. First, it makes a man's organs resemble a burial mound in front of his hips. Second, it also rides up his crack, distracting him from the pain incurred in stretching.

The last thing I have learned from ballet partnering is that women want their space, and that to be a man involves respecting that. Just ask Peter Parker about Mary Jane. Do you think he works a day job and dresses up at night because he has nothing to say to her? She just likes to have some room, and dancers are the same way. The first bloody lip of my life came after a ballerina's elbow caught me as she turned out of a leap. Also, pirouettes are more dangerous, as the dancer's knee when she is en pointe is approximately as high as the organs your dance belt so proudly displays. When writers refer to the spiritual pose of ballet, I can only imagine the men behind the pirouettes, praying they can have children.

I have chosen the masculinity offered in dance for now, and have been teaching a creative movement class to kids. I suppose I hope that if a little boy sees me dancing, he may someday consider trying it himself. It hasn't gone altogether smoothly so far. The only boy in the class now is a handful, running around doing jump-kicks at me and the others, telling me he's Spiderman. ☼

Wingless Angels Just a Bunch of Dorks

Denison's secret society-watch out, they might hit you with a pocket protector

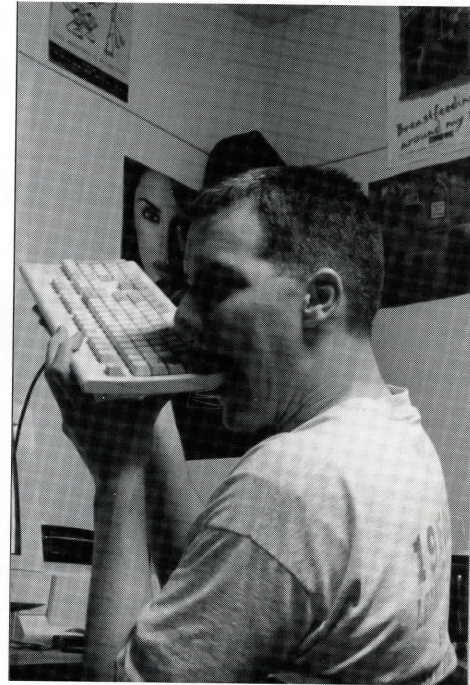
By Tom Hankinson

After receiving the document that has been reprinted on page 13, I got to thinking about Denison's "Mystic Band." I asked around for stories about the WA (a process similar to asking for Bible stories at a gathering of Jehovah's Witnesses). I looked up some articles in the *Denisonian* and tried to recollect some of the publications they have printed since I came to Denison. In the process, I made a startling discovery. The so-called "Mystic and Calorific Band of the Wingless Angels" is full of absolute, ankle-biting, pasty-white dorks.

I am not claiming to be an expert on what is considered "cool," but when I started observing the Wingless Angels, keeping a conscious record of their activities, it was frighteningly obvious that most of their antics are not just stupid, but incriminatingly geeky. There is not a single exploit of the Wingless Angels that you could not find in one of the *Revenge of the Nerds* movies. Think about it.

First of all, these guys all run around in the woods wearing matching sweatshirts. Ooh, that's really scary...to the fashion conscious, maybe. And what are they doing out in the woods, anyway? Don't they have someplace to go? It seems a little silly to go traipsing about the forest in matching outfits on a college campus when you could be, for example, socializing with people who aren't as mind-bendingly dorky as you.

Next we have the threats that people periodically receive from the Wingless Angels. I know someone who got threatening phone calls from the band, a very unpleasant experience. This is so cliché as far as intimidation goes, though. Do the Wingless Angels really want to associate themselves with the lowest form of hopeless stalking? I'm not sure there's anything less hip than the common stalker. In addition, I've heard that some people have received threats over-I could barely believe this myself-the e-mail system. Even though it's scary to get threatened in any way, I can't help laughing when I think that a group of college guys would be so completely unaware of social norms that they would choose e-mail as a method of delivering threats. The nerd factor is almost stifling.



And then there are the Wingless Angels' publications. I hesitate even to start-the examples of extreme squarishness are so numerous, it's fatiguing to keep track of them. First of all, what's with all the ten-cent words? I used to get beat up in junior high for using words half as pretentious as "calorific." Moreover, the band is constantly referring to their long tradition at Denison. Even their stamp has the self-purported founding date of the group on it, 1905. I have trouble thinking of a single thing more appropriate to a first-rate dork than being fascinated with one's own insignificant group history. Pretty soon, we can probably expect a Wingless Angels' centennial celebration, complete with historical speeches and self-congratulatory posturing. Hey, while you Angels are at it, would you like to go see a civil war reenactment with me? Maybe we could even visit a Colonial museum on the way back.

Wordiness and historical pretentiousness aren't the only problems with the Wingless Angels' publications. Look at the language in which these materials are written. It relies heavily on catch phrases and code words that the band has apparently made up. Here's a news flash, Angels: secret languages are not cool. In fact, most secret languages are invented during elementary school recess by the kids who are too puny to play football. Furthermore, if we study the unique Wingless Angels brand of humor...we find that it's not unique after all. Actually, it's the same brand of humor that a forty-year old reject pervert uses in the locker room at the gym.

And the most frequent form of comedy found in any Wingless Angel's publication is-I am not making this up-the pun. That's right. Our fierce and frightening secret society,

the band that claims to be the student body's only free voice, uses the pun as its major form of humorous expression. Maybe we should call them the Witless Angels. Har, har, har. Did you like that one, Angels? Should be right up your alley.

After reviewing everything I know about the Wingless Angels, I think I may have found an analogy that captures the essence of the group. The Wingless Angels are like that guy at the party who's trying way too hard to make people like him. You know who I'm talking about-you've seen him spill beer all over his Hawaiian shirt trying to chug. His jokes are mainstream, worn-out and boring (could the Wingless Angels make fun of security a little bit more? It's just starting to get funny. Really). He tries to act cool by swearing, but he inserts his curses in all the wrong places (reminds me of some excerpts from the "Penison Bullshit" publications I've seen-trying so hard to be irreverent, and failing so miserably at doing it smoothly). And his laugh is a bit too loud and more than a little forced (notice the false bravado and strained "good-times" tone that the Angels try to put into their writing). There is a name for this type of guy who tries so desperately to fit in. He's a dork. A complete and utter reject. He's the sharpest square on the checkerboard-the guy wearing water wings in the shallow end of the gene pool. And that is what the Wingless Angels seem like to me.

I am not trying to excuse the acts of the Wingless Angels as harmless. On the contrary, it seems that many of their actions result in damage to the other people's property or the victimization of innocent students and faculty. My intent is certainly not to minimize these criminal activities. All I'm saying is that it's bad

enough to have a secret society on campus that claims (dubiously) to be the voice of the students and goes around intimidating people. It adds insult to injury when you find out that in addition to that, they also seem to be the most pathetic group of social rejects in the state of Ohio. It can't be good for the university's reputation when even the supposed rebels are just a bunch of forest-frolicking punsters, e-mail-savvy social rejects, and cravenly anonymous dorks. ☼

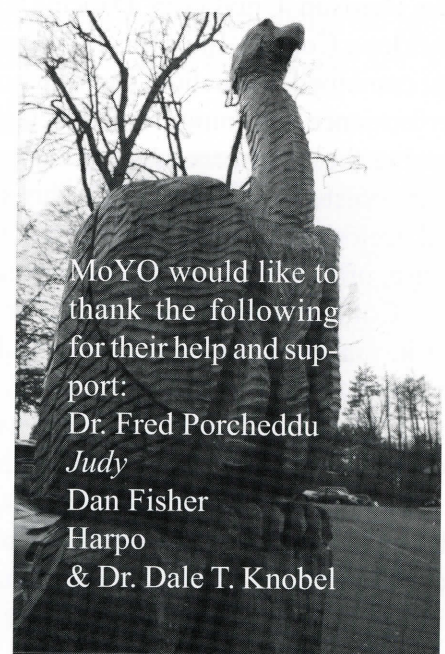
Cunnilingus

Continued from page 14

or two fish cutlets, if space permits.

Many in the market test group did not respond at all, but this may be an indication of societal pressures and not true apathy on the part of the survey-takers. Indeed, if enthusiasm is to be judged, it would be best to do so in naturalistic critical trials, not in correlative studies.

Only time will tell if this hot new trend will catch on with Granville's dense population of retired persons and senior citizens. For now, we at least have the leftover coffee cups. ☼



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First Contact

Improvisational Dance on Campus

by Ilana Silverstein

Personal Contact Collegiate institutions neglect to mention that the only way to graduate on time from a four-year liberal arts school is to know your academic plans when you arrive as a freshman. On the contrary, most freshmen enter college undecided or end up switching their majors before graduation. This entire process of deciding a major is a tedious, frightening, and frustrating one. However, advice such as, "a liberal arts degree is a liberal arts degree" and "your major will not necessarily connect with your career" help make the process more bearable. Still, I struggled with this decision as I searched for the meaning in my college career.

Last semester, as the moment of declaring a major grew closer, I met three professional Contact Improvisational dancers who have all succeeded in their careers. The Denison University Dance Department hosted a weeklong Contact-Improvisation Dance workshop that combined instruction, jams, demonstration, and performance. Learning from, dancing with, and observing these dancers made me want to follow in their footsteps. I grew to love this form of dance and decided that I would like to live this way in the future, or at least during my four years at college.

Contact improvisation incorporates body work, anatomy, and meditation techniques. As a result of the workshop, I felt more in tuned with my body. I became more aware of its structure and how it works. Not only is the form therapeutic, but it is appealing to both genders. Unlike ballet or other classical dance forms, Contact Improvisation does not have male and female roles. Finally, I found an interest that does not label me to be a certain way

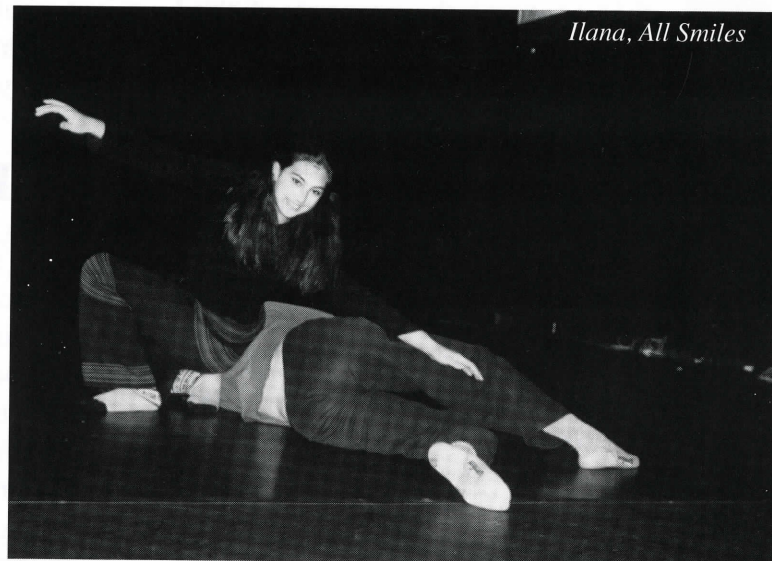
based on my gender.

Throughout the week I had the opportunity of dancing one-on-one with Andrew, Chris, and Peter. I felt like I was excelling in both my skill and understanding of the discipline during each minute of our duets. If we were partnering in class, I was receiving first hand knowledge of what they all were trying to relay to the class by how we interacted. Dancing with Andrew was like cooking

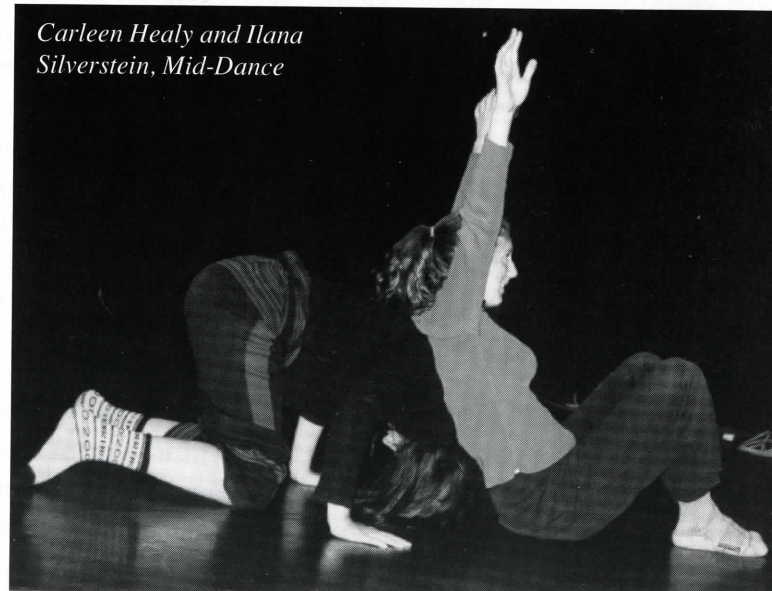
a meal with the chef who discovered the recipe.

At the end of the week I had developed a love for this movement and the philosophy behind it. I was more enlightened of how my body worked, where I could feel each tiny muscle of my body, and most importantly, how to let my mind rest and follow my body rather than my mind taking control. The combination of listening, moving, observing, and messaging contributed to my discovery

of a new identity. I loved to dance and I was going to do it as much as possible; I was going to major in dance. While I was thanking the teachers and saying goodbye, Chris complimented me on my positive attitude, constant participation, and commitment to trying my best. His words inspired me and reassured me to continue dancing for as long as I can. ☼



Ilana, All Smiles



Carleen Healy and Ilana Silverstein, Mid-Dance

Philosophy of Pecan Pie

The Culmination of a Grand Tradition of Culino-Epistemological Thought

by Jim Dunson

The history of Western philosophy has profoundly influenced, for better or worse, how we in the West perceive the world that we inhabit. For instance, Cartesian mind/body dualism has forced a strict conceptual separation between the isolated self (mind-in-a-vat) and the external world of "dubious" sense perception. This is problematic for any number of reasons, the gravest of which is the exclusion of food as a legitimate and delicious field of philosophical inquiry. Food is a unique object of sense perception: I see it, smell it, touch it, and taste it, maybe even hear it cook. If I am to doubt my sense perception, then I may begin to view this tasty food as merely an illusion cooked/baked by an Evil Deceiver. Believing otherwise (i.e. not being skeptical) would amount to getting philosophically "burned" to a crisp golden brown. Unfortunately, the imposition of Cartesian categories of thought has prevented a comprehensive analysis of cuisine; moreover, it has created a rift of skepticism between satisfying food and the grateful recipient of its sustenance. Thus, my project here is ambitious: to right the wrongs of Western philosophical history in less than 600 words.

Pie. The perfection of the circle meets the scrumptiousness of ingredients whose combination far surpasses each particular one's virtue. This admirable community of ingredients includes both pecans and that sugary, gelatinous stuff upon which the pecans rest. And the crust that encompasses the aforementioned other stuff, permitting such close interaction.

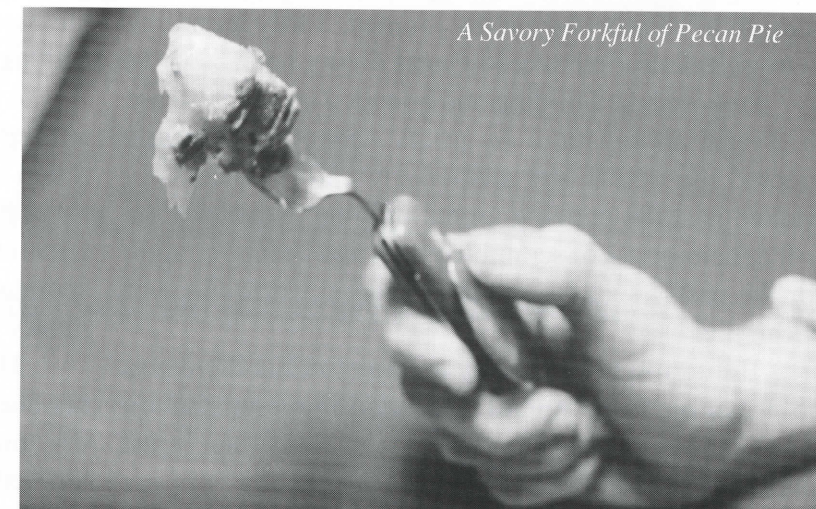
The Philosophy of Pecan Pie is one of eager anticipation for an unknowable and perhaps anxiety-inducing future. It is the all-too-human attempt to surround oneself with the tools with which one can persevere in an often harsh and unfriendly environment. The recipe for happiness is simple: pecan pie and a fork.

Listen: Take a forkful of pecan pie and carry it around with you for as long as possible (with-

out devouring it) during the day. It can be held at arm's length in front of you if necessary, in order to direct your wandering thoughts/meandering ways. This forkful of pecan pie carries the implicit promise of a blissful moment in the future, regardless of how challenging the day appears to be. If you succumb to the sugary confection, then you have found the silver lining (curiously colored caramel) of the cloud of everyday existence. Of course, the forkful of pie is also appropriate to celebrate a wonderful, inspiring day. Thus, it is evident that pecan pie is a potential bridge between the two conflicting positions of pessimism and optimism, collapsing the distinction in a moment of affirmation of the senses. Moreover, there seems to be no better way to teach self-restraint than to allocate only one forkful of pecan pie per day. Of course, it may take a while to build to this type of enlightenment-through-dessert, but there is surely value in the attempt.

Now, I suppose that the desire for pecan pie is relative, and lacking in those allergic to pecans or loathe to indulge in sugar-laden confections. So, as an early concession to competing pie philosophies, it may be acknowledged that pecan pie, while certainly preferable, is not the only option. Fruit pies might suffice, but I would not recommend cream pies in the summer. Those who are diabetic may even have to eat sugar-free pie. Those who simply dislike pie in general should probably get over it; cake is not an allowable substitute, nor is a cookie, a caramel apple, a regular non-fattening apple, a tofu health bar, chicken wings (though admittedly wonderful in their own right), or even a heap of said chicken wings arranged in the shape of a pie.

In summary, Descartes was wrong. Big time wrong. About the indubitability of the senses, about the philosophical significance of pecan pie. Taste and see. Reclaim cuisine. ☼



A Savory Forkful of Pecan Pie

Empirical Test Goes Horribly Awry

Frozen Yogurt Proves Less Philosophically Fruitful than Pie

by Steve Kovach

Upon hearing about Mr. Dunson's philosophy of pecan pie, I found it both uplifting and compelling. Under its influence, I was inspired to make several changes in my outlook on life. For instance, instead of wasting away my mornings, repetitiously hitting the snooze alarm over and over again until ten minutes before class, I sprung from my bed in joyful anticipation of all the excitement of a brand new day. I thought of everything that could happen: I could meet a new friend, I could find love! I knew for a fact that today I would finally receive my grade on the big semester paper on which I know I did exceedingly well. With all of these possibilities dancing in my mind, I quickly adorned myself with a warm sweater and headed out the door.

Upon exiting Smith Hall I paused, inhaling the cool crisp autumn air. A soft smile appeared on my face as leaves of red and gold danced before my eyes in the cool, gentle breeze. A cold front was moving in. However, the sun still peeked from an opening in the clouds, offering a welcome shower of warmth to comfort me on my journey. Softly humming to myself, I strolled over to Curtis dining hall.

I entered the building and bounded up the staircase in gleeful anticipation. As usual, Anne's warm smile greeted me before she swiped my card. I cheerfully walked past the enticing aroma of crisp bacon and the soft deliciousness of scrambled eggs and headed straight for the pastry section, my aspiration: a warm piece of pecan pie!

But to my great dismay and misfortune there was no pecan pie to be found! Snorting my dissatisfaction through my nostrils, I stood there, contemplating. It just simply could not be!

Nevertheless, all was not lost! Hope still remained, for the second best thing, a cool, soothing cone of frozen yogurt (it's fat free, you know) is always available at our fine dining establishment. With a sigh of relief I moseyed over to the dessert bar and selected the most tempting cone Curtis had to offer. I then carefully dispensed the cool chocolate deliciousness into the cone, creating a perfectly swirled masterpiece.

Reassured, I exited the dining hall with confidence and proceeded merrily along my way to my 8:30 class.

The brisk outside air greeted me with a chill. By this time, the sun had been swallowed by the dreary clouds which loomed above. Their dismal gray overcast produced a nervous tinge in my stomach. Hesitating for a moment, I licked the cold provision in my hand, attempting to maintain my good cheer. A sudden gust of frigid wind ripped through my threadbare sweater sending shivers down my spine. Shuddering, I walked to class with my shoulders hunched up and my head bent forward as small slivers of icy sleet shattered upon the back of my exposed neck. By the time I reached Herrick Hall, it was pouring. My mood darkened. Feeling vulnerable and alone, I looked again to the frozen substance in my hand, but found

no solace. Instead, my fingers began to grow numb from the cold indifference of the unfeeling cone. Desperate for some sort of consolation, I took another bite from the joyless lump of frozen mush. A second wave of goosebumps rushed over my body, this time not from the harsh wind, but from the harrowing bite from that callous cone.

After what seemed an unending excursion I finally arrived at Barney-Davis Hall. A blast of hot stale air flared into my nostrils in the entrance hall, giving me a nasty headache. The intense heat reminded me of how uncomfortably my wet clothes clung to my body. Despondently, I trudged up the stairs, leaving a trail of murky puddles as I sloshed my way to class.

The professor glared at my untimely intrusion into his classroom. I swallowed nervously, choking on my dry tongue as his glare cut through me. Shamefaced, I ambled over to the middle of the classroom and slumped

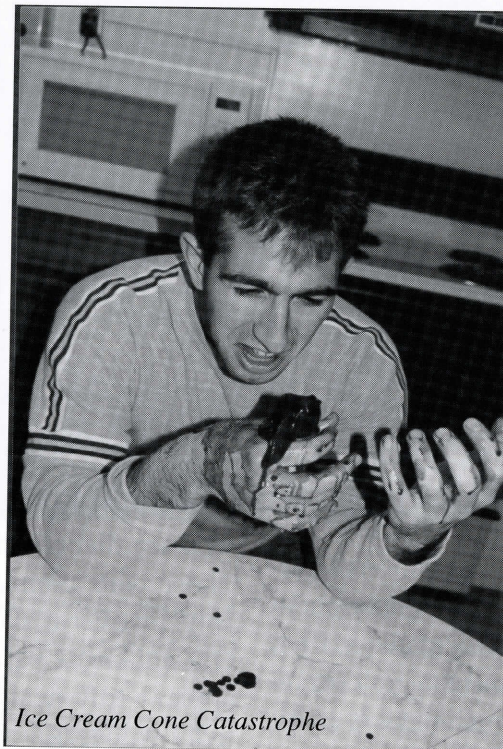
into an empty desk. The heat from the oppressive furnace combined with my agitated condition caused large beads of sweat to drip from my forehead. I glanced at my hand and noticed that the miserable cone was dripping as well, its nasty stickiness oozing all over my hand. I was so busy licking my hand, hopelessly attempting to restrain the deluge of the disgusting slop from dripping everywhere, that I hardly noticed the professor beginning to hand back our papers.

As I struggled with the rapidly depleting ice cream, I could actually feel the barrage of snickering from my "fellow" students ricocheting off my pride. The jackass next to me in the stupid Hawaiian shirt kept grinning at me. Yeah, I guess it is pretty easy to be amused when

nobody on campus will even talk to you, isn't it? Jerk. I then heard the dumb bitch next to me in the tiny dress actually burst out laughing. That's right! That's right, keep laughing you fucking harlot!

I sat there steaming, the humiliation causing me to breathe faster and faster as I gritted and ground my teeth. I was so absorbed by my rage that I hardly noticed the tall, dark figure of my professor looming over me. "Mr. Kovach," he said, his voice echoing his contempt. Wrinkling his nose in disgust, he dropped my paper on my desk as one would drop another's repulsive, used tissue into an incinerator. The paper dived onto my desk, skidding into my weak, panicking stomach. An "F" stared back at me. Misery and

frustration had almost consumed my entire being. Desperate, I looked at the cone in my hand, frantically seeking some measure of solace. However, all that was left in my hand was a soggy, sickening cone full of absolutely... nothing... ☼



Pecan Pie, a More Felicitous Philosophical Dessert



Improv Artists--
Handle with Care!

. .
 . .

Come on,
let us out!

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Funnier than Dan Rather with a little whiskey in him.

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